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THE ANGLERS.

BY W. EDWIN.

A lover of the piscatorial art
One day had chanced to wander where a maiden.
Fond too of fishing, doating in her heart,
Was with a stock of finny trophies laden.

The pair joined company, as anglers will,
His motive selfish, longing to discover
The mode by which her basket she could fill
So soon, nor dreamt of aught that charms a lover.

The maiden tarried, though not by his side,
For anglers ever keep respectful distance;
But he, skill lacking, threw his line so wide,
She nearer drew to render him assistance.

"Pray, sir, excuse me; but I see your bait
Is wrongly fixed, and you are so unskilful.
There—now 'tis right! See—throw it thus, and wait
A hungry fish, and do not be so wilful.

"Just poise your line, your rod hold firm and tight,
Whilst in the stream you noiselessly must drop it;
And, when your float thrice vanishes from sight,
You with a slanting jerk must quickly stop it.

"See—there, you have a fish. He goes up stream,
So you strike downwards, and you'll hook him surely."
He did as told, and soon a bonny bream
Within his basket he had placed securely.

Nor dreamt, the while his bait again she fixed,
An artful fisherman behind them tarried,
Invisible, and with their pleasure mixed
His business, so well their thoughts miscarried.

For twice three times the float again had dipped,
Quite unobserved—the reason I'll not mention;
But, lovers now, they Cupid's nectar sipped—
For he it was diverted their attention.

A fishy prize was his; the fair one, too.
Another had, though not a river guerdon;
And from another source they pleasure drew—
The fish forgotten, Love was their sole burden.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESCUED.

But three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, who had been chief-cabin passengers, and a steerage passenger; the rest saved, were seamen; not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Messengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when the fly got there, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot flannels, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words.

"My head. I am cold. Get a shawl for my head."

Shawls were not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was enveloped in it. He feebly pulled it far over his face, as if to shield it from the cold. Little could be seen of his features when he got to the Sailor's Rest, but Sophie jumped to the conclusion, by some reasoning process of her own, that he was a man of fifty, or hard upon it. His wet hair hung about his face—nearly white hair. He declined all assistance, shut himself into the chamber prepared, dried himself by the fire, got into bed between the warm blankets, and then rang the bell.

It was for a large basin of hot gruel with a glass of brandy in it.

When the maid took it up to him she said that the young man, his fellow-passenger saved, wished to know if he could come in, or do anything for him.

No, was the answer. And the young man had better lose no time in getting to bed himself. He might come in, in the morning; and nobody else was to disturb him till he had been in, unless he rung.

Sophie did not go to bed that night; she had said she would not, and was glad of the excuse of being busy. One of the rescued sailors had by some means got his head much cut; besides the two cabin passengers he was the only one taken to the Sailor's Rest, the others had found refuge elsewhere, and Sophie busied herself in attending to him, and in drying the younger passenger's clothes—for he, when saved, had been completely dressed.

About eight in the morning, Sophie was in her parlor, when the passenger, mentioned, entered, attired in the said dry clothes. Sophie turned hastily, and thought, in that first moment, that she had never seen so prepossessing a man. He appeared about four-and-twenty, tall, and of lofty bearing, with clearly-cut features, dark hair, and a most attractive countenance.

"Are you a clever needle-woman?" asked he, with a very winning smile.

Mrs. Ravensbird, won by the good looks, the courteous manner, and the pleasant voice, began protesting that she was famous, nobody more clever than she. She had been out-door pupil in a convent in France for seven years, and let the Sisters alone for making girls into expert needle-women. Did the gentleman want a button sewn on?

The gentleman smiled again. Had it been only that, he thought he could have managed the job himself without troubling her, provided she had supplied him with needle and cotton.

"No," he continued, "it is something that requires more skill. I want a shade made for the eyes."

Sophie raised her own to the eyes looking at her; clear, bright eyes they were, of a dark gray, and she wondered what they could want with a shade.

"It is for my fellow-passenger," he proceeded to explain. "I have been to his room, and all his cry is for a shade for his eyes. He suffered with them during the voyage, I observed, and the light of the room this morning affects them much."

"Oh, I'll soon make that," said Sophie. "Who is he, sir?"

"You must ask himself that question," was the reply. "A large shade, he said, made of thin card-board, covered with dark blue or green silk, any color, in fact, and tapes to tie it on with."

"Tape!" ejaculated Sophie; "you mean ribbon, sir."

"Any thing. He will not care what the materials are, provided his eyes are shaded. I asked him about breakfast, but he seemed only anxious for the shade."

Sophie soon got her necessary materials; a sheet of card-board, which she fished up from somewhere, and some purple silk, the remnant of a dress; and set to work. The gentleman sat himself on the arm of an old horse-hair sofa opposite, and watched her fingers. His orders were, he said, laughingly, not to go up again without the shade.

"And so you and he met on board as fellow-passengers!" cried Sophie, as she worked. "Strangers, I suppose, to each other until then."

"We were on board, fellow-passengers."

"It's strange how intimate people grow upon a sea-voyage!" resumed she, "just as if they had been friends for years. The old gentleman seems ill."

"Very ill. Very ill, indeed, he has been all the voyage."

"What is his name? what was he coming to England for?" proceeded Sophie. "I suppose he's an American?"

"His name—his name?" deliberated the gentleman, as if casting back his thoughts. "I am not sure that I heard his name mentioned during the time we were in the ship. As to his motive for coming to England, I cannot speak. Gentlemen travelers do not unceremoniously inquire into each other's private affairs, Mrs. Ravensbird."

"I hope you will let me have the gratification of knowing your name, sir," continued Sophie, nothing daunted. "I'm sure it's a pleasant one."

"Do you guess so?" laughed he. "I do not discern much in it myself, Lydney."

"Lydney!" repeated Sophie, after him. "And are you an American, too, sir? And have you come over on business?"

"I have come over on pleasure—to look about me, never having had the honor of seeing old England before," answered he, good-humoredly. "How many more questions would you like answered, Mrs. Ravensbird?"

"Ah, bah! it's my French nature, and I ask you to excuse it. I am not English; you may tell that by my tongue; and we Gauls are always curious. Do you speak French, Mr. Lydney?"

"Quite as well as I do English. My mother was a French woman."

Sophie's eyes sparkled with delight; her heart had warmed to him at first, she said, and forthwith she commenced a rattling conversation in her native tongue. He sat there till the shade was finished, and then went upstairs with it.

In the course of the morning Lord Dane walked into the Sailor's Rest, to inquire after the rescued. Richard Ravensbird was not in the way at the moment, but Sophie was quite equal to receiving his lordship. In earlier days, when he was plain and poor Herbert Dane, she had been rather fond of chattering to him, or he was to her; and her manners to him still retained far more of ease than did those of some of the inhabitants of Danesheld. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions; for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imagination, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman traveling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man!—spoke French like an angel—and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be, in the by-gone days. And Madam Sophie cast a half-saucy glance to my lord when she said it.

"Are they gentleman?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or people in business, merchants, and that sort of thing?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravensbird, warmly. "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade—the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bed clothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"The younger one is up, I suppose?" remarked Lord Dane.

"Oh, up hours ago, my lord; up and out. He seems in a fine way about some box being lost that was on board, and is going towards the wreck to hear if there's any chance of things being got up. Does your lordship think there is?"

"A few things may be, perhaps; I cannot tell. I wish to send a message to this old gentleman, if you will convey it to him," continued his lordship. "Say that I, Lord Dane, shall be happy to render him any assistance, and if he would like me to pay him a visit, I can do so now."

Sophie ran up the stairs to the invalid's chamber, and came back again, shaking her head.

"I'll lay any money he's a cross-grained old bachelor," cried she, "he speaks up so sharply. He answered me quite rudely, my lord. 'My service to Lord Dane, but tell him I am a private individual, seeking only repose, and am not desirous of forming acquaintance, even with his lordship.' You might speak it more civilly, I thought to myself, as I took it from him."

"Oh, very well," said Lord Dane. "When these disastrous circumstances occur, it is due from my position to show courtesy to the sufferers; but if it be refused, of course the obligation is at an end. It is the last time I shall trouble your old gentleman, Mrs. Ravensbird."

The wind was less violent this morning, and many people were gathered on the heights, watching the spot where the wreck had been. At low water part of the ship could be seen, and she lay with her larboard side to the rocks. Quantities of chips were floating about, and pieces of iron might be discerned on the beach. The masts and yards were gone, and there was no symptom of a bowsprit. Something more appalling than wood or iron floated in occasionally—a human body; not near enough, however, to terrify away the watchers on the heights, some of whom were ladies.

Standing most imprudently on the very edge of the heights, in their eager sympathy, their sad curiosity, were Miss Bordillion and Maria Lester. The latter, who was a little apart, bent forward to look at some bustle right underneath, when a gust of wind, more furious than any they had experienced that morning, suddenly swept over them, swept over Maria, and——

"Take care, Maria!" shrieked out Miss Bordillion, in an agony of terror.

Whether Maria could have "taken care," must remain an unanswered question. Certain it is, that the wind shook her, and she had all but lost her balance, when, at the very moment of peril, just as Miss Bordillion called out, a strong arm was thrown round her and snatched her into safety. She had felt her own danger, and her face was perfectly white, as she turned it to her preserver.

She saw a stranger. A young, aristocratic man, who had "gentleman" stamped on every motion and lineament.

"I thank you very greatly," she said to him, from between her agitated lips. "I did not know the wind was still so high."

Miss Bordillion, in her gratitude, laid hold of the stranger's hand.

"Let me thank you! let me thank you! I do believe you have saved her from destruction! Ah, Maria! you may well weep!" she added, as Maria, overcome by the fear and agitation of the moment, let fall a few hysterical tears. "How could you be so imprudent?—how could you advance so near? Thank him better, child, for there's no doubt he has saved you from death!"

"Not from death so certain as I was saved from last night," he smiled, hoping to reassure Miss Lester. "I was a passenger in that ill-fated ship," he said, in answer to the inquiring looks of Miss Bordillion, "and was one of those rescued by the life-boat."

"Is it possible?"

"But for a gentleman who took command of that life-boat, and shamed the sailors—as I hear—into manning her, sharing himself the danger, we should all have perished," he proceeded. "He was but a stripling, no older than myself; but he showed a braver heart than the inured-to-danger sailors."

Maria's face was glowing as a damask rose, and the tears rested on the eye-lashes.

"Shall I tell you who that was?" she said. "It was my dear brother, Wilfred Lester."

And in a few minutes it seemed as though they had been conversing together for years. There are certain events that break the barriers of restraint more effectually than time can do.

"We must not part without hearing your name," said Miss Bordillion.

"William Lydney."

"And I am Miss Bordillion. And this is my address," she added, giving him a card, for she, like many other old-fashioned ladies, kept her card case in her pocket. "I hope, Mr. Lydney, that you will call upon us."

"That I will be sure to do," he answered, a gratified expression lighting his countenance. And he lifted his hat as Miss Bordillion and Maria moved away.

The chamber in which the invalid lay, at the Sailor's Rest, was a commodious room, the bed at the farther end of it, opposite the door, and the fire-place in the middle, between the two. It was very comfortably furnished; a sofa, a centre-table and side tables, besides the requisite furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On this same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending to the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him:

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what light he was intended to take the question, whether as to its natural, its social, its political features, or any others. But he did not inquire.

"It's a dull neighborhood rather," said he. "Except when it gets enlivened by any such event as that last night, or by a poaching or smuggling affray. Lord Dane's having abandoned it for several years did not tend to make it gayer."

"He is your great man of the locality, I conclude, this Lord Dane?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The Danes have been the lords of Danesheld from times unheard of. And plenty of state they have kept up. But, to have the castle closed, or, as good as closed, has been like a blight upon the place."

"The present Lord Dane has been absent from it?" questioned the invalid.

"He went abroad almost as soon as he came with the title, within two or three months of it, and has not long returned. Eight or nine years he must have been away."

"Is he married?"

"No, sir. His sister is with him at the castle at present—Miss Dane. And will stop, people surmise, unless his lordship should give it another mistress."

"Perhaps you will inform me what you are talking of," cried the invalid, from the bed. "Lord Dane has no sister."

"Yes, he has, sir. And she is with him, as I tell you, at the castle."

"Then, I tell you he has not a sister," was the sick man's irritable answer, but delivered in a subdued, quiet tone as the rest of his conversation had been, as though the voice stuck in the throat. "Some years ago I was in this part of the world and knew all the Danes. The present lord I knew very well: there was no sister then."

Richard Ravensbird thought it as well to drop the contention and suffer the stranger to have his own way, for he did not appear one likely to relinquish it. He stretched his head up to get a sight of the sick man's face, but did not succeed: the upper part was under the purple shade, and the lower part under the bed-clothes.

"Yes, I knew a good bit of the Danes then," went on the invalid. "My lord and my lady, the two sons, the cousin—in short, all of them. Has the younger one, William Henry, ever been heard of?"

"How do you mean, sir?" quickly replied Ravensbird, who began to doubt whether the stranger was cognizant that he, Richard Ravensbird, had been suspected of, and charged with the murder—a point upon which he was sensitive. "He was heard of so far as that his body was found, and was buried in the family vault."

"How did they recognize it?"

"By certain marks," replied Ravensbird. "I recognized it myself. I was Captain Dane's servant."

"It was a nasty pitch-over, that fall from the heights," soliloquized the stranger: "it took place while I was in Danesheld——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are never Colonel Moncton?" breathlessly uttered Ravensbird.

"What if I am?" coolly asked the stranger.

Ravensbird paused. He did not know "what," but felt in much doubt and surprise. Convinced, moreover, also that, whoever it might be, whether Colonel Moncton or another, his own suspected share in the affair was known. He therefore set himself to speak of it calmly and openly, as he always did, to those aware of the struggle; otherwise he preferred to maintain a complete reticence on all points relating to that night.

"Yes, it was a fatal fall, a nasty struggle," Ravensbird observed; "and who the adversary was, remains a mystery to this day. Two or three were suspected, I, for one, and was taken up on suspicion; and a packman for another, who was seen in angry contest with the captain on the heights, that same night: but I, in my own mind, suspected somebody else."

"Pray whom did you suspect?"

"I should be sorry to tell," answered Ravensbird.

"What were the grounds for suspecting you?" inquired the invalid, after a pause.

"That quarrel I had with Captain Dane—which I suppose you heard of, if you heard of the rest. It occurred in the morning, when he kicked me out of the castle, and the catastrophe took place in the evening. People's suspicions—and naturally enough, I acknowledge—flew to me. But they were wrong. I would have saved my master's life with my own; I would almost bring him back to life now at the sacrifice of my own, were it in my power. I was much attached to him, and I am still faithful to his memory."

"In spite of the kicking out?" put in the stranger.

"Pshaw?" returned Ravensbird. "A dispute of a moment, in which we both lost our tempers, could not destroy the friendship of years. Yes, sir, I presume to say it—friendship. He was the Honorable Captain Dane, and I but his servant; and though he never lost his dignity any more than I forgot my place, there was a feeling between us that might be called friendship."

There ensued a long silence. The gentleman broke it.

"What has become of Herbert Dane? He was to have married Lady Adelaide Errol. There was some—some—some talk of such a thing, I fancy."

"He did not marry her. Ah! that was another mystery. She would not have him, after all; and she married Mr. Lester. She has a whole troop of children now."

"And where is Herbert Dane? What has become of him?"

Ravensbird turned round to the bed in astonishment.

"He is at the castle now, sir; I have just said so."

"He at the castle! What for?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind.

"Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane—that was—is the present Lord Dane?" uttered Ravensbird. "He succeeded the old lord."

The stranger raised himself on his elbow, and peered at Ravensbird under the purple shade.

"Then what on earth has become of Geoffry?—the eldest son? Where was he—that Herbert Dane should inherit?"

"He died at the same time as his brother," answered Ravensbird, shaking his head. "Before the body of my master was found, the remains of the other were brought home, and interred in the family vault."

"Where did he die? What did he die of?" reiterated the invalid, who appeared unable to overcome his shock of astonishment.

"He died of fever, sir. I can't take upon myself just to say where, for I forget; but he was put on board at Civita Vecchia. My lady went almost as quick; and the old lord did not live above a month or two."

"I know; I know," cried the stranger with feverish impatience, "I saw their deaths announced in the newspapers; and I saw the succession of the new peer, 'Geoffry, Lord Dane.' Not of Herbert."

"His name is Herbert Geoffry, sir. As soon as he became heir, he was no longer called Herbert, but Geoffry. It is a favorite name with the Lords Dane."

The invalid laid down and covered his face. Ravensbird was about to leave the room, when he spoke again.

"This Herbert—Lord Dane, as you tell me he is—is he liked?"

"He has not given much opportunity to be liked or disliked, sir, stopping away so long," was the rejoinder of Ravensbird. "He behaved generously in the matter of my lord's will. The will left presents and legacies to servants, and fifteen thousand pounds to Lady Adelaide Errol, but my lord died before he signed it; consequently it was void. The young lord, however, fulfilled all the bequests to the very letter, as honorably as though he had been legally bound to do so."

"Why did he not marry Lady Adelaide?" sharply put in the invalid.

"She turned round, sir, as I tell you, and would not have him. It was exactly like a sudden freak, a change of mind that nobody could account for. My present wife was maid to her at that time, and I heard of her refusal, but it was not generally known that there was anything between them."

"Perhaps there never was anything between them," remarked the invalid.

"Oh, yes, there was, sir; when he was

She had all but lost her balance, when, at the very moment of peril, a strong arm was thrown round her.

plain Herbert Dane," significantly replied Ravensbird. "Ah! he little thought then to be what he is now—the Lord of Daneshold!"

The stranger turned his face to the wall and put up his back, and nothing could be seen of him but his white hair and the purple shade.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JAPANNED BOX.

The days went on, and the divers were busy, striving to fish up articles from the wreck. The coast presented an unusually stirring appearance, so many idlers flocking constantly to the scene, the preventive men being in charge, so that no depredations could take place. As the divers' exertions, however, appeared likely to meet with but poor reward, the idle spectators got tired of thronging to the spot, and the operators and coast-guard were left comparatively in peace.

One visitor they constantly had, and that was the young stranger, Mr. Lydney. He expressed himself as being most anxious to recover a certain box, describing it as one of middling size—a tin one, japanned. Wilfred Lester, between whom and Mr. Lydney an intimacy was springing up, laughed at him one day, and rallied him on his disquiet.

"One would think all your worldly wealth was entombed in that chest, Lydney," he observed.

"And it is, in a measure," was the answer, "for it contains valuable deeds and documents, without which my worldly wealth will be of little value to me."

"Suppose it is gone forever?" returned Wilfred. "Would the loss be totally irremediable?"

"Upon my word, I cannot say," replied Mr. Lydney. "Some of its documents might be replaced, but others—— I would rather not dwell on that possibility. I am of a hopeful nature."

And he appeared, in this instance, not to be of a hopeful nature in vain. One morning, a fortnight after the night of the wreck, Mr. Lydney found, upon going down, that the divers had brought up several things. They were of various and opposite kinds, as you may well imagine. A part of a beam of wood; a gold Albert chain; a small cask which contained salt meat; a sealed case, holding letters; and there were divers boxes. Once they thought they were hauling up a poor little baby, but it proved to be a huge wax doll, dressed in lace and satins. Its young mistress was colder and more lifeless now than the doll.

With an eager step, when he saw the recovered things, did William Lydney hasten to inspect them. Owners had been found for none—not for one of those articles lying on the beach. The owners had gone with the wax doll's little mistress, and would awaken no more in this world.

"Is it among 'em, sir?" asked Mitchel, the preventive-man, coming up as Mr. Lydney stood over the boxes; for his anxiety to recover the chest was no secret. "There's one tin case, you see, sir, but I fear it's larger than you describe yours to be."

William Lydney lifted his head, and his face expressed keen disappointment.

"It is not among them," was all he said.

"What's this?" rejoined Mitchel, turning round to speak as he was walking away, for he perceived that something else was coming up, to be added to the relics.

It was a japanned box, about two feet square, with the initials "V. V. V.," surmounted by a Maltese cross, studded on it in brass nails. Mitchel scarcely need have asked what it was, had he glanced at the countenance of Mr. Lydney. The eager, trembling expectation, the intense joy that lighted it up, proved it was the much-wished-for chest. In the moment's excitement he took it, be alone, from the grasp of the men who bore it. William Lydney was a strong man, but not strong enough to lift that heavy case in ordinary moments.

"It's the one ye've been looking out for, ain't it, master?" asked one of the bearers, as it was deposited on the beach.

"Yes; it is," replied Mr. Lydney. "I will reward you and the divers well."

"But them letters don't stand for your name, sir," cried Mitchel, as the men moved away again.

"I have not said they did," laughed Mr. Lydney. "But now to get it up to the Sailor's rest. I'll leave you guard over it, Mitchel, while I go and find somebody with a truck or barrow, or get Ravensbird to send. Mark you, my good man, it's very precious."

"I'll take charge of it, sir," smiled Mitchel. "It's all in my duty and my day's work. Where you leave it, there you'll find it, untouched."

You spoke there without your host, Mr. Preventive Mitchel.

Hardly had Mr. Lydney quitted the beach when Lord Dane appeared on it. He was in sporting attire, but underneath his black velvet coat linen shone out of the finest and most costly texture. His keeper—not the one who was wounded—had gone to the preserves with the guns and dogs, and Lord Dane had been following him, when a rumor met him that the divers were now beginning to find. His lordship turned off his way for a short visit to the beach. There stood Mitchel, keeping watch over the things, in pursuance of his promise to Mr. Lydney, and also in pursuance of his duty.

"Is this all they have got up?" uttered his lordship to Mitchel, in a tone of surprise. "I thought it must have been half the ship full. Young Shad came grinning up to me, and said the beach was covered."

"A light-fingered young monkey!" apostrophized Mitchel. "I drove him off from here, for it would require a man with ten eyes to watch him. No, my lord, they have not got up much, and I don't expect they will; though they have been more fortunate the last few hours than they have been all along. That box has turned up at last, my lord, that the young gent has been so worried after."

"What young gent?" asked his lordship.

"That fine young man who was saved in the life-boat, and is stopping at the Sailor's Rest," replied Mitchel. "How anxious he have come here, day after day, a watching and waiting, all for this japanned box! Had it been crammed full of thousand-pound bank-notes he couldn't have been more eager. That's it, my lord, behind you."

Lord Dane was standing with his back to the box, and turned round at the words. What could be find in it to attract his notice? Something, apparently, for he remained gazing down at it. Like one transfixed stood he, and when he did rouse himself and lift his head, it was only to walk round the box, survey it on all sides, touch it, shake it, and, in short, look like a child does at a new toy, as if he would very much enjoy the pulling it to pieces to see what was in it.

"Who do you say this belongs to?" cried he, presently, to Mitchel.

"That young American, my lord, who was brought ashore in the life-boat. Your lordship must have seen him many times; a fine, handsome man he is, pleasant to speak to. I mean Mr. Lydney."

"Is it his chest?"

"It can't well be anybody else's," returned Mitchel, "as your lordship would say, if you had seen his anxiety over it. When it came up this morning it was just as if he had found a treasure; all a-tremble he was with delight."

"Lydney?—Lydney?" repeated his lordship to himself, as if oblivious of the presence of Mitchel. "Lydney? Have I heard that name ever? It does not strike upon my memory. Neither does it answer to—to——"

Lord Dane stopped; he was looking down at the initials on the box, and Mitchel spoke up, possibly believing he discovered the drift of the peer's thoughts.

"The letters don't stand for his own name, my lord, as I remarked to him just now; and he answered me, merrily like, that he had not said they did. He is gone to send down some men to remove it to the Sailor's Rest."

Lord Dane stepped to the rest of the things and glanced keenly at all.

"Does any of this belong to him?" he questioned of Mitchel.

"Nothing else, my lord; nothing but that japanned box that seems so precious to him. He has not appeared to care at all about any other part of his luggage being found, though he says he had a good bit on board."

Lord Dane walked away without saying more, and Mitchel remained in charge. Presently, somewhat to the surprise of the latter, his lordship reappeared, followed by an empty cart and two men. The cart belonged to a miller on the Dane estate, and was on its way to fetch wheat to be ground. Lord Dane encountered it as he turned off the beach into the road, and commanded it into his own service, for what purpose you will see.

Down came the cart, its two attendants, and his lordship, and halted close to Mitchel and the recovered things. Lord Dane pointed to them with his finger. "Hoist them in," said he.

The men did so, to the wondering surprise of Mitchel, and made short work of the process. None of the articles were heavy, save the japanned box. That went in with the rest; but the barrel of pork and the beam of wood his lordship told them they might leave on the beach. Then the cart and its contents proceeded to move away again.

"My lord," uttered Mitchel, in a perfect ecstacy of consternation, "they must not take off the things, especially that tin chest. I am left here to see that nobody does do it."

"I have ordered them to the castle for safety," replied Lord Dane.

"But this tin case, my lord—its owner is coming down for it directly. And I passed my word that he should find it here safe and untouched. If he complains to the supervisor I may lose my place, your lordship."

"Lose your place for yielding the authority vested in you to mine!" returned Lord Dane, in a good-humored tone, which seemed to chaff at Mitchel's simplicity. "We don't know yet to whom these things may belong, and they will be in safety at the castle."

"But—I hope your lordship will pardon me for speaking—this tin box has got its owner," persisted Mitchel. "When the gentleman returns for it, what am I to say to him?"

"Mitchel," said his lordship, quietly, "you must understand one thing which you do not yet appear to be aware of. As lord of the manor, I possess a right to claim all and every thing fished up from that wreck, whether the original owners be saved or not. I do not wish to exert this privilege; I should not think of doing so; but I do choose that these things shall, for the present, be placed in the castle, that they may be in safety. You may say that to Mr. Lydney."

Lord Dane strode off after the cart, and Mitchel remained where he was, as still as though he had been changed to a petrifaction. The procedure did not meet his approbation; and, in defiance of Lord Dane's assurance, he feared he might get into trouble over it. He neither spoke nor moved, but just remained staring and thinking. Neither did he when, some time after, Mr. Lydney appeared. Ravensbird came with him, and a man with a truck.

"Why, where's the box?" exclaimed Mr. Lydney, gazing round. "Mitchel, what have you done with the box?"

"I don't know," replied Mitchel, speaking helplessly. "I have not done anything with it. Lord Dane came down, and sent it away, and the other things also."

"Sent it where?" asked Mr. Lydney.

"Up to the castle, sir. He was lord of the manor, and possessed a right to claim what was got up from the wreck, he said. Not that he should think of claiming them, but they must be put in the castle for safety till the owners turned up—which, of course, they are never likely to do; but perhaps he meant their friends."

"The owners of that japanned box had turned up," cried Mr. Lydney. "His lordship had no business to interfere, so much as to put his finger upon it. How could you think of allowing it, Mitchel. You are to blame."

"If you were not a stranger here, sir, you would never ask how we can think of allowing away to Lord Dane," was the reply of the preventive-man to Mr. Lydney. "He is master of everything; of Daneshold and the people in it. I had no more power to keep your box back, when Lord Dane said it was to go, than I have to stop that sea from flowing."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Lydney, who appeared much provoked. "Lord Dane cannot be allowed to play the martinet over all the world."

"Well, sir, I assure you it was no fault of mine. But if you go to the castle, of course he will give the box up to you; it can't be of no use to him."

Ravensbird looked round at Mr. Lydney. "I don't think you'll get it, sir," he said. "At any rate you must go cautiously to work."

With a haughty toss of the head and contemptuous curl of the lip, not directed at Ravensbird—but ill or underhand doings always excited the scorn of William Lydney—he proceeded immediately to the castle, the man and the truck following in his wake. Not Ravensbird; it was rare, indeed, that he troubled the castle. He rang a sounding peal on the bell, just as Mr. Bruff, who was quitting the house, opened the gate.

"I wish to see Lord Dane," said Mr. Lydney. And Bruff thought that no man had ever appeared at that castle yet, possessing more of the bearing and tones of a chieftain. He bowed low.

"His lordship is out, sir."

"I was informed his lordship had just returned, in charge of some property got up from the wreck."

Bruff looked curiously at the visitor. Who could he be, presuming to speak in those scornful tones, palpably directed towards Lord Dane and his doings? Bruff did not resent it, but he felt convinced that the gentleman before him was a gentleman, and an honorable man.

"My lord did return here, sir, with the men who brought up the things. But he has gone out since."

"Amongst those things was a box, which I claim," proceeded Mr. Lydney. "I must request you to deliver it to me."

"It is not in my power, sir. I dare not meddle with anything against the orders of Lord Dane."

"I say that I claim it," quietly returned Mr. Lydney, "and I must have it given up to me."

"I am sure, sir, when you remember that I am Lord Dane's servant, you will see how impossible it is that I can meddle with anything, contrary to his lordship's orders."

"The things are in the castle?"

"Certainly they are, sir. His lordship had them put in the strong-room, that they might be in safety; he gave me the key, and charged me not to let them be touched; the death-room we used to call it; but the name not being an agreeable one, has been changed."

"Do you know that you may do me an irreparable injury—an injury that can never be removed—by refusing to deliver up that property?" pursued Mr. Lydney.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; and if it depended on my will, you should have it this instant; but this is a matter of duty to my lord, which I, receiving his wages and living under his roof, must not violate."

Mr. Lydney silently acquiesced in the good faith of the reasoning, and perceived how useless it would be to argue the point further.

"Is there any one who holds authority at the castle, to whom I can apply?" he inquired.

"Miss Dane is at the castle, sir; my lord's sister; but as to authority—you can see her, if you please, sir."

The visitor motioned with his hand in reply, and Bruff led the way to the drawing-rooms.

"What name, sir?" he asked, pausing, with his hand on the door.

"Mr. William Lydney."

Miss Dane rose at his entrance. She was older than her brother; in fact, in her forty-second year; but she assumed the dress and the manners of a girl of twenty. She had small and rather pretty features, a delicate complexion, and a soft rose color on her cheeks—altogether looking very much more youthful than she really was. Her dark brown hair, beginning to be sprinkled with silver, was worn as carelessly as a child's, in a profusion of long ringlets all round her head; and her blue eyes had a habit of shyly sinking from the gaze of other eyes, especially those of gentleman. Putting her vanity and her affectation aside, Miss Dane was not to be disliked. She was simple and kind-hearted—not overburdened with strong intellect; and the most marked peculiarity about her was, that she fancied every stranger fell in love with her at first sight. Daneshold called her an old maid; Miss Dane would have been mortally offended, had she heard them. She was attired in a light blue silk, and jacket to match, jauntily set off with many trimmings and silver buttons.

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss Dane?" began Mr. Lydney.

Miss Dane curtsied and simpered, and simpered and curtsied again.

"What an attractive man!" quoth she to herself; and forthwith fell right in love with him, and fondly hoped that he was returning the compliment. Mr. Lydney, however, was too much engrossed by his tin box and its abstraction to admit softer impressions just then, even though he had been as susceptible as the lady. He gave her a concise history of the affair, and inquired whether she would not give orders that his box should be restored to him.

"I never heard of such a procedure," cried she, in a pretty little weak voice, and shaking her ringlets affectedly. "Geoffry—my brother—went down to the beach, and ordered the recovered things up here, you say? What did he do it for? what did he want with them?"

"That is precisely what I should be glad to know, Miss Dane."

"I don't think they can have come here, dear sir; I fancy there must be some error. Allow me to ring for Bruff."

She tripped to the bell before Mr. Lydney could forestall her; and Bruff—who for some reason, best known to himself, had delayed the errand he was departing upon when Mr. Lydney appeared at the castle gate—came in answer to the summons.

"Bruff," asked Miss Dane, "have any boxes and things been brought here this morning, belonging to that wrecked ship?"

"Yes, miss," answered Bruff. For Miss Dane, though living at the castle as its mistress, never would submit to be addressed as "ma'am." In her opinion it would have taken from her appearance of youth; and woe be to the servant who transgressed, for he fell under her stern displeasure; at least, as stern as simple Miss Dane could show.

"Is this gentleman's box here, then?" she proceeded.

"I can't say that, miss; I did not remark particularly what came. It was all put in the strong-room. If the box was in the cart with the other things, it's here."

"It is of the very utmost consequence that I should have it, Miss Dane," struck in Mr. Lydney. "Lord Dane would surely not object to its being returned to me, were he at home."

"Of course not, sir," warmly acquiesced Miss Dane. "Bruff, you cannot do wrong by giving up to this gentleman his own property."

"My lord's orders were that the things should not be touched, under any pretence whatever, miss," remonstrated Bruff.

"Yes, I can understand that; when there were no claimants for them, he naturally would cause them to remain in security. But this gentleman claims his box and requires it; so you must give it to him."

"Not upon my own responsibility, miss," returned the butler. "If you order me to do so, that of course alters the case."

"Dear me, Bruff, how tiresome and precise you are!" ejaculated Miss Dane, with her childish simper. "It stands to reason that his lordship, in taking possession of the property, could only have had regard to the interest of the owners; therefore I cannot do wrong in desiring that what belongs to this gentleman should be given up to him."

Mr. Lydney rose. "It is a japanned box," he said to Bruff, "with initials and a cross on the lid in gilt; you cannot mistake it. But I may as well go with you, and point it out."

Bruff seemed to hesitate still, and at length turned to Miss Dane.

"Miss," he said, "you know what my lord is if he is disobeyed. Now I really dare not do this of my own accord—though I'm sure I ask pardon for saying so, in the face of your orders. Perhaps, miss, you would not mind coming to the strong room, and delivering up the box yourself, as it were."

Miss Dane did not mind it all; she rather liked the expedition, especially when the handsome young stranger gallantly offered his arm as an escort. Downstairs they went, through the passages to the strong room, she mincing and chattering by his side. Bruff produced the key and unlocked the door.

When the reader first saw that room, it had trestles standing in its middle, bearing something cold and heavy. Now the trestles had disappeared, and in the same place, thrown in a hasty heap on the floor, were the relics fished up by the divers. Mr. Lydney released Miss Dane, and stood an instant, his eye rapidly scanning them one by one. A look of angry perplexity rose to his face.

"My box is not here," he exclaimed, with sternness.

It was a contretemps that neither Miss Dane nor Bruff had expected—perhaps the latter felt rather relieved than otherwise. Certainly no japanned chest was among the articles. Mr. Lydney turned to Bruff.

"Where has it been put to?" he inquired, his quiet tone carrying more command with it than many a louder one.

"If it is not here, sir," promptly replied Bruff, "it was not brought to the castle. The things were removed from the cart straight to this room, and I can be upon my word that nobody has been near them since."

"It was brought to the castle safe enough," returned Mr. Lydney. "If you saw the things taken out of the cart, you must remember it."

"A japanned box, you say, sir," cogitated Bruff, casting his thoughts back. "I cannot be certain that I did see it. I took no particular notice what the things were, though I can attest that they were all placed in this room."

"Then it has been removed since," replied Mr. Lydney.

Bruff shook his head. "I can equally attest, sir, and in the most positive manner, that that could not be. The key has not been out of my possession."

Mr. Lydney felt sure that the box had been removed, and he began casting his eyes for hiding-places. They fell upon the door of a closet, and he pulled it open, for the key was in. A dark closet, with nothing in it but some trestles, which leaned against the wall. There were no signs of the box.

"It is like magic," observed Miss Dane. "If the box was positively brought up in the cart, as you affirm, dear sir, the cart must have taken it away again; that's the only solution I can come to. My brother, hearing it was yours, may have sent it to your lodgings."

But this hypothesis was destroyed by Bruff, who declared that when the cart drove away from the gate it was perfectly empty. Mr. Lydney appeared to be thrown up. He inquired at what hour he could see Lord Dane.

"He would probably not be home before the dinner-hour," Bruff rejoined,—"six o'clock. His lordship dined at six when in the country."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted Miss Dane, as Lydney was wishing her good-morning, "if the box has been so long in the water, its contents must be saturated and useless. You may be disturbing yourself for nothing."

"I expect the contents are intact," was the reply. "The box contains another, which is hermetically sealed, and is impervious to fire and water. I have the honor, madam, for the present, to wish you good-day."

Outside the castle, Mr. Lydney paused to consider what he should do in the emergency. He came to the determination to seek out the men belonging to the cart, and proceeded to the beach to inquire of Mitchel who they were. Mitchel gave the necessary information, adding (when he heard the box was missing) *that it did go away in the cart.* And Mr. Lydney found the men.

But it afforded him very little service. They were a couple of dull, stupid clod-hoppers of that species of rustic whom we are apt to marvel at—to question, almost, whether they can be human beings. They had just sufficient brains to get through their day's work at the miller's, and that was all.

"A tin box, japanned, wi' gilt marks outside on't? They didn't know: my lord telled 'em to pick up the things what laid on the shingle and take 'em to the castle, and they did so. There couldn't be no box missing out of 'em, 'twarn't likely."

"But I tell you that it is missing," said Mr. Lydney; "and, as to your not recollecting it, if you lifted it into the cart, and then removed it from the cart to Lord Dane's strong-room, you must have observed it. It was a peculiar-looking box."

The men scratched their heads. They moved the things for certain themselves, but they didn't mark one thing more nor another—

"Was the box taken from the cart between the beach and the castle?" impatiently interrupted Mr. Lydney.

The two fellows stared, evidently considering it a foolish question. Not it, they answered. They had drove right from the beach to the castle, the one walking by the cart, t'other behind it: where should they be likely to leave a box, when my lord had ordered 'em to the castle? By token, my lord hisself was near 'em, and must have kept the cart in sight, and could say whether they had stopped or not.

"And you left *all* the things at the castle?"

They left 'em all, and come away with the empty cart to fetch their sacks o' wheat.

And nothing more satisfactory than this could Mr. Lydney get out of them. Though he believed they were too stolid to tell anything but the truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Who sets the fashion is a puzzling question to everybody, and especially to the ladies who blindly follow it. The Empress Eugenie was credited with the honor when she reigned at the Tuileries; the leaders of fashion now are the Paris demi-monde. It was Cora Pearl who, after a champagne supper on the Boulevards, cut the chimney-pot of one of her gallants, and wreathing her veil around the dwarfed chapeau, invented the Rabagas. But it appears from a letter of a Paris correspondent that fewer fashions owe their origin to inspiration than to consciousness of a defect and an attempt to hide it, or in the desire of a reigning or rising belle to crush a rival. The fatherland of crinoline is Spain, and a Spanish queen first wore hoops to dissimulate unequal hips. A Venus of the Boulevards, who committed suicide by throwing herself over a balcony a few years ago, revived the high-heeled shoes, which Louis Quatorze originally brought into fashion to appear taller than the King of Spain at the meeting in the Isle of Pheasants. A lady who derives prestige from rank, fortune and striking beauty, scalded her arm three winters back. An ugly mark bore witness to the accident. She thought of wearing to conceal it those long-armed gloves, which, out of mercy to the plebian wives of Napoleon's marshals and generals the Empress Josephine adopted.

The hats slanting down over the eyebrows were the result of a lady of exalted rank losing her front hair. Queen Elizabeth's neck was yellow and thin, hence the "stiff muslin mane." The double veil of white and black tulle was contrived by a "Parliamentary woman" with a bad complexion. The tricks of a couple of lady residents in the fashionable Faubourg St. Germain are curious. A young duchess, intent on wrenching the sceptre of fashion from a waning beauty, brought in afternoon dances and the new bonnet. The bonnet, set on behind, has a wild, frolicsome look which suits the giddy spirits of youth, but it has no more pity for faded complexions than has the garish sun at the afternoon dances, for it goes only with bared faces. Endeavoring to let herself down easy, the matûre queen of fashion whom this bonnet was meant to dethrone has recourse to artificial blossoms of a russet tint, created entirely by her fleuriste. She is now being driven into her last entrenchments. The fiat has gone forth that at afternoon and garden-parties natural wreaths are to be worn. On removing her light straw bonnet the danseuse will still retain her floral crown. Fresh flowers suit only fresh complexions, and the old lady will now have to declare herself defeated.

WEATHER RHYMES.

The old settlers of New England preserved the old English rhymes and prophecies of coming weather. Some of them are curious, if not correct. Many of them are so often found true as to be now almost considered infallible:

"When the glowworm lights his lamp,
Then the air is always damp."

"If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He's sure to rise with a wet head."

"When black snails do cross your path,
Then black clouds much moisture bath."

"When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

"When you see the gossamer flying,
Then be sure the air is drying."

"A rosy sunset presages good weather;
A ruddy sunrise bad weather."

A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow sky in the evening indicates wet.

A neutral gray color at evening is a favorable sign; in the morning an unfavorable one.

The clouds, if soft, undefined and feathery, betoken fine weather.

Deep, unusual hues in the sky indicate wind or storm. More delicate tints bespeak fine weather.

"A rainbow in the morning
Gives the shepherd a warning"—

that is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain-cloud is approaching the observer.

If at sunrising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of winds.

"If the moon shows like a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we will tread on deluged ground."

"A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight."

This adage may also be a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain-clouds are passing away.

"When rooks fly sporting high in air,
It shows that windy storms are near."

"The evening red, and the next morning gray,
Are certain signs of a beautiful day."

TENT PEGGING.

This is a new field game brought from India, by some British troops, and just successfully introduced by them in England, with several members of the royal household for witnesses. It is a novel diversion which, as a manly exercise, will soon be acclimatized, and promises to take its place in the foremost rank of fashionable amusements. It is practiced in the northwest provinces of India, by the armies of Mysore and Scinde, by the Mahrattas, Sikhs and Afghans, the latter being by far the most accomplished; and it is called by them *nezs beze.* Its English name expresses its nature; a wooden tent-peg, similar to those ordinarily used in Indian camps, is driven into the ground, and the object of the horseman is to draw this with the point of his lance as he rides at full speed. This feat is not so easy to do as to describe. A good seat and a quick eye for distance, a light hand, a close grip and unerring aim, are all necessities. As played by the Mussulmans, who form the native irregular cavalry, the game is said to be wonderfully interesting. From these native cavalry it was learned by three English regiments, the Fourth and Eleventh Hussars and the Royal Irish Lancers, which last, having just returned to England, has brought the game with it.

AVOID SCANDAL.—Nothing so weakens the restraints of crime and the regard for public virtue as free converse of the failings and follies of others, especially of those who stand high in public estimation as persons of worth and character.

FACETIÆ

STAVING BUSINESS.—Making barrels.

A CALIFORNIA jury lately rendered the following verdict in a murder case: "We find he was shot six times, according to law, and buried in a hole two feet deep."

AMBIGUOUS.—In a country churchyard there is the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth his wife," and underneath this text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

A VIRGINIA paper announces the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr. Ebenezer Sweet; whereupon somebody perpetrates the following:

"How happy the extremes do meet,
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour but sweet,
And he's a lemon squeezer."

MISS BRADDON is about to write a novel in which the hero and heroine elope across the English Channel in Captain Boyton's life dresses, while the enraged papa, following behind with a pair of cork floats, becomes exhausted and is taken on board by the happy pair, whom he then and there forgives and blesses.

A YOUNG man recently conceived the brilliant idea of popping the question by postal card. Accordingly he dispatched one to the idol of his heart, bearing simply his name and the character "?" His feelings can be imagined on receiving by return mail a card inscribed most energetically "!" When last seen he had checked his trunk for Chicago, and was inquiring whether the price of through tickets to the West had been raised since the end of the railroad war.

ROYAL CRITICISM.—A well-known pianist recently played some of his most astonishing pieces before the Grand Seignor. At the conclusion of the performance the Sultan, who had been observing him with great apparent admiration, said to him:

"I have heard Thalberg" (a low bow of the artist and modest smile); "I have also heard Liszt" (a lower bow and devout attention); "but not one of all that have played before me perspired as much as you do."

A CLERGYMAN on one occasion, when in the act of marrying an elderly couple, put the question to the bridegroom:

"Do you take the woman whom you now hold by the hand to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated the question much louder, thinking the man might be a little deaf, which in reality he was; but the bride was less patient for his answer, for she shouted into his ear:

"Boo, boo, ye brute; can ye no' boo?"

Having bowed his assent, the ceremony was soon concluded.

A GOOD doctor of divinity, born over the water, had a sturdy, shining bairn of some eight or nine years old (now a Presbyterian clergyman), who, on a certain Fourth of July, was making a fearful din and racket in the yard. The paternal at last, somewhat irate, went out to put an end to the row, and demanded an explanation of the noise. The reply was:

"Oh, we are hurrahing because we *licked you Britishers!*"

The father subsided.

THAT WAS IT.—A gentleman, driving to a country station in England once, in a railway 'bus, asked the driver, as they passed a very nice-looking property, whom it belonged to, at the same time expressing his surprise at seeing that the house and grounds were to be let.

"Ah," said Jarvey, "Mr. Jones, he owns that there place. I dessay you've heard of him; kept a gin shop in London, made his fortin' there, and then bought this place to come down here and settle."

"And what made him give it up?" asked the passenger.

"Well, you see, sir," said Jarvey, with a melancholy shake of the head, "he tried to be a gentleman, but he had to give it up, his 'elth wouldn't stand it."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

SQUARE WORDS.

1.

A lady's name. In bed. To want.
A whirlpool.

2.

A kind of deer. Any open surface.
Genuine. A story. LITTLE ONE.

NAME PUZZLES

1.

Take the names of six gentlemen, so that the initials form a seventh.

2.

Take the names of eight ladies, so that the initials form a ninth.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. To repose. An enigma. An ordinal number. A nationality. Underground passages. Part of a stone wall. A verb. A consonant.

MARTIN J. SHEEDY.

ENIGMA.

A word of four letters oft joy doth impart,
It raises the fallen, cheers the lonely in heart,
And alike, from the child to the maid in her bower,
Exerts over all a magical power.

CHARADE.

My first (with a vowel added)
Is something formed by damp;
If a further hint is needed,
Go look for it in a swamp.

My next is a state or condition
Possessed by all persons and things,
By the beast that roams the forest,
And the little bird that sings.

My whole no doubt you have witnessed,
On the water or in the air;
I am sure it is a "delusion,"
And very often a "snare."

FORT TOTTEN.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 5, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 51, Vol. 54.

REBUS.—Slaughter, Laughter.

PUZZLE.—Hero-i-ne.

ENIGMA.—1. To-morrow. 2. A pair of boots or shoes.

ANNANDALE WOOD.

BY T. JEFFERSON CHAMBERS.

Oh, fair are the lilies that grow by the stream
That merrily dances through Annandale wood,
And bright are the waters that ripple and gleam,
Along by the bank where the sycamore stood.

The sycamore fell several winters ago,
And the seat that was under it stands there no more,
But the wild ivy twines, and the buttercups blow,
And the violets bloom by the rivulet's shore.

Ten summers ago, how the roses hung
O'er the grass-bordered path by the edge of the stream,
Where I and my love sauntered slowly along,
And life seemed like naught but a beautiful dream.

Oh, Emily Annandale, fairest of girls,
With eyes like twin violets floating in dew,
With cheeks like pale roses, and golden-brown curls,
No tongue can express what my soul felt for you.

You vowed that you loved me—like a fool I believed,
And wandered afar after fortune and fame;
I returned, and discovered I was deceived,
That my beautiful sweetheart had altered her name.

She had married for gold, as her sex love to do,
And, albeit, her master was ugly and old,
She could ride in her carriage, dress in purple and blue,
And the world bowed the knee at the sight of her gold.

Yet I am not unhappy, I do not despair,
Though I wander along by the flower-bordered stream;
There are hundreds of women as good and as fair
As the one intertwined with that sweet, youthful dream.

THOLUCA, THE INDIAN GIRL.

The romance of that war of 1813–14 which spread through Georgia, Florida and Alabama, and brought forth the genius of Andrew Jackson, is still unwritten. Though the red-skinned warriors that sprang to arms under the incitement of Tecumseh, and afterwards of Weatherford, the Red Eagle of the Muscogees, were even then considered as partially civilized, yet once adorned with the war-paint they lost all memory but that of their aboriginal extraction, and denied as well as refused to receive mercy. Many were the incidents that have gone unrecorded—incidents that would have graced the pages of any novel, or told with thrilling effect by the winter's fireside; while again a few have come down in local legend to this day, and are told in the cabins on the Chattanooga, the Chicamaugs and the Coosa rivers, with as much minuteness of detail as though occurrences of yesterday, instead of events of the past. Of these, the tragic story of Kalaya and Tholuca appeals deeply to the sympathy.

Kalaya was a young chief of the Muscogees; lithe and handsome, always foremost in every point of danger, subtle on the trail and wise in council, he bade fair to be one, if not the first warrior of his tribe.

In one of the hundred skirmishes of the war, by an act of great valor he saved the life of the old chief Yarapea, and by this act first met Tholuca, his daughter. To see Tholuca was to love her; and Kalaya, from the first moment of their meeting, gave way to the most ardent passion—a passion that was returned by Tholuca with all the reality of her nature. They were to be married during the first moon of autumn, and that time was only a few weeks distant.

One day there came to the village rumors summoning all the warriors to the war-path, and Kalaya was first to respond. A band of palefaces were ravaging upon the banks of the Coosa, and like eagles disturbed from their nests the Muscogees swept down upon them once, twice, thrice, and were as often beaten back with fearful slaughter. The white men pressed heavily upon them, until the red warriors were driven almost upon their villages. At this moment, through sheer desperation, the Muscogees rallied, and turned the battle somewhat in their favor. Kalaya had become separated from his band, and was creeping stealthily through the wood to join them, when suddenly he came face to face with one whom he knew in an instant as a very prominent leader of the whites.

They stood but a few feet apart for a moment, and then, as though with a mutual thought, and with a shout of defiance, they sprang together and clenched with a fierce and deadly grasp. The white man was of gigantic stature, handsome face, and richly clothed in the half soldier, half Indian costume of the better class of traders and volunteers of the border. His sinewy arm wound itself around the body of Kalaya like the folds of the anaconda; but in the young chief he had fully met his match, both in strength and dexterity. A few struggles they made, heaving backward and forward, for there was no time for the use of weapons, not even to draw knives, and then both fell, Kalaya uppermost, with his hand upon the white man's throat. Another minute, and the struggle would have been over, the Muscogee the victor, when at the instant Tholuca came flying through the wood from the direction of the village.

Some of the flying savages had brought intelligence to the village of their defeat, and Tholuca could bear no longer the agony of suspense, but was determined to seek her warrior lover, whether he might be among the dead or flying. She found him with his enemy almost in the throes of death, and with womanly terror and compassion she was tempted to plead for his life.

"Spare the paleface, Kalaya, and let him return to his people, that he may teach them how much more merciful is the Muscogee than the white man."

The hand of Kalaya relaxed upon the white man's throat, for the request of Tholuca was law, and he arose panting to his feet, and muttered some indistinct words of thanks to the maiden who had given him his life.

But he had seen Tholuca, and her wondrous beauty struck at once all other feeling from his breast but love. He stood transfixed, gazing with a suddenly-born delirium of passion upon the beautiful girl who had saved his life, and was only awakened by the quick command of Kalaya to depart. Then, with the rapidity of thought, he seized from his belt a pistol and fired upon the warrior, sending a bullet through his heart, and, while scarcely giving time for the death-struggle to cease, he threw himself before the motionless and horror-stricken Tholuca and declared his love, promising her, if she would go with him, to make her his wife.

While he was pouring out his wild, threatening prayer, she stood like some statue, gazing upon the monster who had so suddenly and falsely shut out all the world from her; and then, as though resigned, she said:

"The Muscogee is your slave. You have won her treacherously; but the white man knows no justice or honor. I am the spoil that is given into your hands." Then pausing a moment, as if she knew not what to say, she added: "You have asked my love. Before I can give it, bury from my sight the body of him whom you have slain."

She stooped and kissed the dead lips of Kalaya, and then stood apart while the white man, with his broad hunting-knife, dug the grave of the Muscogee warrior, and laid therein the corpse. Then Tholuca advanced to the edge, and giving a quick look at her dead lover, she suddenly seized the knife from the white man's hand, plunged the long blade into her own bosom, and fell upon the body of Kalaya, dead.

A THIRSTY VERDANT.

RINGING FOR THE WATER BOY.

A good story is told of a verdant one who was passenger in a railroad express train, and became thirsty.

"Where's that ere boy with the water can?" he queried of his next neighbor.

"He has gone forward to the baggage car, I suppose," was the reply.

"Well, d'ye s'pose I kin git him back here agin?"

"Certainly," said the other, "you have only to ring for him;" and he nodded towards the bell-line that ran above their heads.

No sooner said than done. Before any one could prevent it Rustious had seized the line and given it a tremendous tug. The consequences were at once obvious. Three shrill whistles were heard, half a dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand-still with a suddenness that startled half the passengers with astonishment, and caused every man next a window to hoist it and look out and see what was the matter.

In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came foaming into the car to know who pulled that bell-rope.

"Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the offender, drawing all eyes upon him.

"You!" said the conductor, "and what did you do it for?"

"Cos I wanted some water."

"Wanted some water."

"Sartain; I wanted the water boy, and my pardner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him, as we do at the hotel, an' so I yanked the rope. Will he be along soon? An' by-the-by, what in thunder be you stoppin' for?"

The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait till he got his train under way again before he explained the mysteries of the bell-rope to his verdant customer.

A DENTISTIC PERFORMANCE.

The Place des Nations, by the Station du Nord, Brussels, is every afternoon the scene of what reminds one of the sights that were witnessed half a century ago in England. It is here, according to the Belgian *Times*, that a dentist takes his stand at about two P. M., and not only collects a large concourse of people to listen to his inducements to make them have their teeth administered to, but also gets rid of a great quantity of his wares. This man makes his appearance in a vehicle gorgeously decorated with crimson, and in which are to be found four individuals who herald his arrival with a flourish of trumpets and give his audience a discourse of sweet music.

Three cream colored horses draw the carriage, and both he and his wife are elaborately costumed in crimson velvet. Once on the scene of his operations he explains to his audience, who muster strongly, how, with the application of a certain green liquid he sells in a bottle at the price of five francs, a tooth may be extracted without the slightest pain or disagreeable feeling, and invites any one troubled with a dental affliction to mount his vehicle and have the rebellious tooth drawn. Many go, and all express satisfaction at the quick and effective result, and apparently no sooner is the instrument applied to the mouth than out rolls the tooth and the patient jumps up rejoicing.

Of course, it is impossible to say whether they are accomplices or not, but of one thing there is no doubt, the man gets rid of an enormous quantity of bottles, on which, too, there must be a great profit. Hundreds flock daily to see this man perform, and he has gained certain notoriety. Quack or not, he conducts his scences in a very lively and impressive manner. Directly a tooth is drawn, a band, which is composed of wind instruments, plays a melodious air, which is expressive of victory, and likely to give any faint-hearted sufferer a courage and determination to undergo the ordeal.

A NOBLE WIFE.

During the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusko many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieskie, whose ancestor had been King a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madam," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall be safe?"

"Yes, madam, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing he forthwith published a pardon of the father and sons.

A TALE OF THE CATACOMBS.

The traveler who visits the Rome of to-day, if a classic scholar and antiquarian, occupies himself with the ruins of ancient Rome—that "mother of dead empires." The artist who visits Rome spends his time in the galleries of pictures and statuary. He cares little for the Rome of two thousand years ago, or the Rome of to-day, except in so far as they contribute to the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit.

While there is a Rome for the artist, and another for the antiquary, there is a third Rome for the Christian visitor—a Rome of three hundred churches, with St. Peter's, a world in itself, and the treasures accumulated through fifteen centuries in the Vatican. In this he finds a world which occupies all his attention. And when he has seen all that presents itself upon the earth's surface, he finds there is another Rome beneath the ancient city—the Rome of the Catacombs.

Why these excavations were made originally, no history tells us. But in the second century of our era, they were used by the Christians in Rome as places of refuge from persecution, of secret worship, and for the burial of the dead. Here were deposited the bodies of the martyrs, the bones of those who were devoured by the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and the ashes of others.

These catacombs are of great extent. There are long galleries, with recesses on each side for burial. When the bodies, or relics, were deposited, the recess was walled up, and plastered over with cement, and the inscription, giving the name and age of the deceased, and commending his soul to the prayers of the faithful, was carved in stone, or traced in the soft mortar. The lamps are found which were kept lighted before the graves of the martyrs, either as a mark of veneration, or to light those who came there to pray; and in many of these tombs are found vials of martyrs' blood, and the instruments of their torture.

Our story opens in the second century. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher, was Emperor. A fierce and general persecution drove the Christians to the catacombs. The necessities of gaining a livelihood compelled them to attend to their business and labors; but their churches above ground were deserted, and the mysteries of religion celebrated by the graves of the martyrs in the bowels of the earth. Many were thrown into prison—many were tortured and slain.

At this period, and at frequent intervals during the three first centuries, the pagan was zealous in his own worship; the malicious man who wished to gratify a spite against his neighbor; or the plunderer, who coveted his worldly possessions, had only to denounce him to the public authorities, if he was a Christian, to satisfy his zeal, his malice or his cupidity.

Octavian, an officer of the Emperor's household, proud of his rank, his wealth and his position as a favorite of the philosophical sovereign, distinguished himself by his talent and zeal; and in no way more than by the activity with which he pursued those enemies of the old religion enshrined in history, literature and arts of Rome.

In one of his expeditions against the Christians, he entered the house of Agrippa, a citizen of high position, who had been accused as a convert to the new and despised faith. He did not find him. There were Christians everywhere, even in the imperial palace—and one of them had warned Agrippa of his danger.

But in place of a Christian, whom he would have joyfully dragged to prison, to be consigned, in turn, to the torture and the wild beasts, Octavian found a young lady, whose beauty was accompanied by a sweetness which charmed the young and susceptible officer.

As he knocked for admittance she met him at the gate. His soldiers were scattered about the mansion to prevent escape. Calm and sweet, with an air of purity and resignation, the maiden met him.

"You seek my father?" she said. "He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?" asked the officer, gazing at her with an admiration he cared not to conceal.

"If I knew, would you ask a daughter to betray her father?"

"That father is accused of being a member of an infamous and superstitious sect, which is endeavoring to undermine and destroy our ancient religion."

"My father," said Claudia, "belongs to no sect, and nothing infamous can attach itself to the name of Agrippa."

"Is not your father a Christian? Does he not worship a man who was executed as a malefactor?"

"Again you ask a daughter to betray her father. When you have found him, he shall answer for himself. He is a man of truth, and will not deceive you."

Surprised at the mingled dignity and sweetness of the beautiful maiden, Octavian was forced to withdraw, baffled in his search. But he could not forget her. She came like a vision. He could see the flush of her face as she had defended her father; and he asked himself the question, which he had not been able to ask her, so awed had he been by her presence: "Can she, also, be one of those Christians whom we have undertaken to exterminate off the face of the earth?"

The persecution raged on. Octavian was not so zealous as formerly; but the taunts of his companions spurred him forward. One day a spy brought him word that he had found the entrance to one of the secret hiding-places of the Christians. Losing no time, he took a band of soldiers, and, following his guide, came to the entrance of one of the catacombs. They descended to the dark passages, their steps lighted by torches. Octavian read the inscriptions on the graves of the martyrs of the past eras of persecutions. He heard music in the far distance, sounding as if it came from the bowels of the earth. Then came the smoke of incense. Following the guide with stealthy steps, they came to a subterranean chapel crowded with worshipers. They were all upon their knees in a posture of adoration, while a white-haired priest, robed in flowing vestments, stood before an altar made of a martyr's tomb.

The armed men gathered in the dark space, in the back of the chapel, for the altar was lighted with tapers, and lamps were suspended from the ceiling. All was hushed in a profound silence for a few moments. Then the worshipers arose; and a woman, turning her head, discovered the soldiers, and was surprised into a cry of alarm.

The venerable priest turned from the altar, and approached Octavian.

"Is it I for whom you search?" asked he. "I am ready. Lead on."

But before Octavian could give an order to his soldiers, another form stood before him. Claudia, in her more than mortal beauty, as it seemed to Octavian, threw herself between him and the aged priest, and said:

"I am the one he seeks. Look upon me. I am a Christian. Carry me to the judges; bring me to the Emperor. You will need no proof—I avow it. I am a Christian. Leave this old man—leave these poor people. You want a victim—I follow you."

Agrippa, her father, took her gently by the arm, and said, "Not so, my child; what can he have against thy youth and innocence? It is I for whom he has come. This is he who sought for me at home. Here I am, sir; you shall not a second time be disappointed."

Alas! for Octavian. The spy who brought him was also a spy upon him, and would not fail to give notice of any lack of fidelity to the Emperor and the laws. The soldiers, too, acting under his orders, might report against him. He had no choice but to arrest some one; and how could he refuse those who offered themselves?

With a pang, which went to his heart, Octavian ordered the soldiers to arrest the priest and Agrippa.

"Will you not arrest me, also?" asked Claudia. "Where are my fetters?" said she, holding up her little hands, with a smile.

"Let men answer for their deeds," said Octavian. "We need not burden ourselves with women."

"I go with my father and my priest," said the heroic girl. "Who will hinder me?"

She knew that it was to the prison. If she refused to sacrifice to the gods, it was to torture. And there was death—she knew it well. All knew it; and yet there ensued this extraordinary spectacle. Men, women, and even children pressed forward, and said, "Take me, also!" and held up their hands for the chains.

Octavian drove them back, and ordered the soldiers to take the prisoners he had selected. He could not hinder Claudia from going by the side of her father. If he could but have taken her and flown—there was no such possibility! He was compelled to lead on to the prison; and he had no power to resist, when the peerless Claudia, holding the hand of her father, said to the gaoler, "I, also, am a Christian; look me up with my father!"

Octavian, filled with love, remorse, and despair, went to the palace of the emperor, and made his report. He could not stay the course of what Rome considered justice. He knew the course of the trial, for he had been a witness to many such. He knew the tortures that would be applied to that delicate woman, scarcely more than a child!

The trial was over. The aged priest, the father of his beloved, and she, whose image never left him night or day, were sentenced "to the lions!" What a joy to Rome—*Cristianos ad leones!* The old cry rung out once more from the ferocious Roman mob. "The Christians to the lions."

Octavian resolved to make one effort to save them. He threw himself upon his knees before the Emperor, and begged him to pardon these three Christians.

"Three Christians!" said the philosophic Marcus Aurelius. "Why should we forgive three Christians? Have they been tried?"

"Yes, sire."

"Condemned?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then they must be punished. Whoever hears of a Christian being pardoned? The religious tranquility of the empire requires that the impious sect should be exterminated."

No more hope. The day came; the Emperor went to the amphitheatre, and Octavian attended him. The old priest standing in the midst of the arena, his hands spread out in prayer, was devoured by a great Numidian lion. Agrippa, father of Claudia, sank under the spring of a ferocious tiger; and as he fell, seventy thousand Romans sent up shouts of applause.

But even this cruel mob was hushed to silence, which gave place to a murmur of admiration, when Claudia, pale as a lily, but with a higher beauty than ever, walked with a graceful dignity into the arena. She gazed around a moment, her eye pausing with a look of tender pity on the group of officers behind the Emperor. Then she looked up to that heaven in which alone she trusted, and which now seemed open to receive her.

Two lions bounded forward from the two sides of the arena. But they had not half way reached her, when an officer of the imperial suite sprang into the arena, and placed himself at her side! The people were paralyzed. The Emperor, who was not a cruel man, made a signal to rescue them. It was too late. Before the guards could gain the arena, two more martyrs had moistened its sands with their mingled blood—two more souls had ascended to heaven.

RETIRING ROYALTY.

The almost complete retirement of the royal family from fashionable circles is very much spoken of. We mentioned the other day that the Duke of Edinburg has since his marriage become a very domestic person, and that the fact is one at which the West End of London people considered themselves entitled to wonder. But the Duke of Edinburg is not the only member of the royal family who, as Goethe puts it, delights to dwell unnoticed "with his children and his wife." The Prince of Wales has discovered that to "blush unseen" is the proper thing for royalty to do. He seems to have given up the frivolous life of fashion which he was and is expected to lead. In certain fashionable billiard and card rooms where he used to be a frequent visitor, he is rarely seen. It is hard to induce him to be present at out-door sports, except a few to which everybody goes. He almost neglects the "Row," and he rarely honors receptions by his presence. At present he is studying the history of India; but he had gone into something like retirement before a visit to India was thought of, and there is reason to believe that the change in his mode of life is due to other causes than this special one. The Princess, too, goes out less than she did. As for Prince Arthur, he is always at his work; and the Princess Helena and Louise are like the fashionable women in the play who never went anywhere and saw nobody. Society is only murmuring as yet; but if this state of things lasts, there will one of these days be an awful howl from the shopkeepers of the West End.

PIPES AND TOBACCO.

OF INTEREST TO SMOKERS.

Smoking is a necessity of existence to the Turk; one could almost fancy it a part of his religion; and naturally, therefore, the shops of tobacconists and of venders of chibouques and amber mouthpieces abound everywhere.

The tobacconists of Constantinople are styled *tutungis*. They are, mostly, Greeks or Armenians, and have singularly engaging manners; and sometimes—especially during the nights of Ramadan—viziers, pashas, beys, and other dignitaries, lounge familiarly in their shops, to smoke, talk, and learn the news; sitting, the while, upon low stools, or the surrounding bales of tobacco.

The tobacco, cut very fine, and disposed in long, silky tufts, of a pale tint, is laid in masses upon shelves, and arranged with reference to its price and quality. The principal qualities are four in number; namely, *tavach* (sweet), *orta* (medium), *dokan-akieu* (piquant), and *sert* (strong); and are sold at from 18 to 20 piasters (from 75 cents to $1) for an *ocque*—a quantity equivalent to about two pounds and a half. These tobaccos, of graduated strength, are smoked in chibouques, or rolled into cigarettes; the use of which last is beginning to be very general in Turkey.

The *tombeki*, a tobacco destined exclusively for the *narghile*, comes from Persia. It is not cut like the other, but pressed, and broken in small morsels. It is of a darker color than the other kinds, and so strong, that it cannot be smoked until after two or three washings; and, as it is liable to scatter, it is kept in glass jars, like a drug. Without tombeki, the narghile cannot be smoked; and it is vexatious that this tobacco is almost impossible to get in Europe or this country; because nothing is more delicious, or more favorable to poetic reverie, than to inhale, in gentle puffs, while seated upon the cushions of a divan, this perfumed smoke, freshened by the water through which it passes; and which reaches you, after traversing a large circle of tubing, in which you entwine your arm, like an Arab snake-charmer playing with his serpents. It is the sybaritism of smoking, carried to the highest degree of perfection. Art itself contributes to the luxury of this delicate enjoyment; for there are narghiles of gold, of silver, and of cut-steel; molded, carved, or engraved, with wonderful skill, and in forms as elegant as those of the purest antique vases; while garnets, turquoises, corals, and other stones even more precious, are employed to ornament them; so that one may smoke perfumed tobacco through a masterpiece of art; and I see nothing that even the most fastidious and aristocratic of duchesses could object to in this "time-killer," which procures for sultans themselves the prolonged luxury of the kief (*siesta*), and a happy forgetfulness of the world, beside their fountains of marble, and beneath the trellis-work and vines of their kiosks.

It is a strange thing, that tobacco, now in such universal use throughout the East, has been the subject of the severest interdiction on the part of many former sultans. More than one Turk has paid with his life for the luxury of smoking; and the ferocious Amurat IV, more than once made the head of the smoker fall with his pipe. Coffee, also, has had its not less sanguinary process of introduction at Constantinople; and has no less been honored by its fanatics and martyrs.

In the modern Byzantium, they now bestow the utmost care upon, and strain to the utmost point of luxury, all that concerns the pipe; the pleasure, above all others, of the modern Turk. The shops of the sellers of mouthpieces and stems of pipes, are very numerous and well-appointed. The most valued stems are those of cherry-wood or jasmine; and they attain to very high prices in proportion to their size, straightness, and perfection of quality.

A fine pipe-stem of cherry, with its bark unbroken, and of a dark lustre; or a shoot of jasmine, of which the knots are regularly distributed and of a bright color, will command as much as five hundred piasters, or about twenty-five dollars.

The manufactories of pipe-bowls are recognizable by the quantity of red dust sprinkled about them. An infinity of bowls of yellow clay (which becomes a deep pink by baking), await, ranged upon shelves, their turn for entrance to the oven. These bowls, of an exceedingly fine and soft material, upon which the potter imprints various ornamental designs, are not blacked, like the French pipes; and when completed, are sold at amazingly low prices. The quantity of them consumed is incredible.

As to the amber mouthpieces, they are the object of a trade of their own; and which approaches to that of jewelry, by the value of the material and the expense incurred in working it. The amber comes chiefly from the Baltic; on the shore of which it is found more abundantly than anywhere else. At Constantinople, where it is very dear, the Turks prefer it of a pale lemon color, partly opaque; and desire that it should have neither spot, nor flaw, nor vein; conditions somewhat difficult to combine, and which greatly enhance the price of the mouthpieces. A perfect pair of them command as much as eight or ten thousand piasters—from $400 to $500.

A collection of pipes worth 150,000 francs ($30,000), is not at all an unusual thing among the high dignitaries, or the richer private persons, in Istamboul. These precious mouthpieces are encircled with rings of gold, enameled, and often enriched with diamonds or rubies. It is, in fact, an oriental mode of displaying the possession of wealth. All these pieces of amber—yellow, pale, or clouded, and of different degrees of transparency, polished, turned, and hollowed with the utmost care—acquire, in the rays of the sun, shades of color so warm and golden, as would make Titian jealous, and inoculate with the desire of smoking, the most resolute victim of "tobaccophobia." In the humbler shops, cheaper mouthpieces are to be found, having some almost imperceptible flaw or fault; but not the less perfectly performing their office, or being the less cool and pleasant to the lips.

There are imitations of amber in Bohemian glass, of which enormous quantities are sold, at paltry prices; but they are used only by the Armenians and Greeks of the lowest class. No Turk, who has any self-respect, uses anything but the pure amber.

LIFE, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

BLACK shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of anilin red in alcohol.

BUTTER will remove tar spots. Soap and water will after take out the grease stain.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

STRAW matting should be washed with a cloth dampened in salt water. Indian meal sprinkled over it and thoroughly swept out will also cleanse it finely.

CORN-MEAL gruel, strained, makes the best stiffening for calico. Iron on the wrong side of the fabric. The heat of the iron takes out the color if applied directly, and the glaze or polish helps to dull the lustre of the color.

LEMON juice and glycerine, equal parts, are recommended to remove tan and freckles. For cleansing, softening and whitening the skin of the hands and face, nothing can be better. Apply at night, and wash off in the morning.

CLEANING HAIR-BRUSHES.—To clean a hair-brush, take a basin of cold suds, add a spoonful of spirits of ammonia, put in the brush, and draw a coarse comb through as many times as necessary. A cloth, too, may be used to help the cleansing. Finally, rinse in clear water.

THREADBARE COATS.—When woolens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, &c., of men's coats, the coat must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the threadbare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatter's "card," filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by dealers in old clothes.

THE grand objection made to the beautiful silver jewelry that has been in use during the last few years was its tarnishing so soon. It looks white like frost-work when new, but directly becomes dull and leaden in hue, nor will scrubbing or rubbing with any ordinary composition bring back its beauty. By a very simple process it can be restored in a few minutes. Place a rod or some filings of zinc in a vial containing strong spirits of ammonia, and let it stand for for a few days; then, by immersing the articles therein, and drying them before a fire, they will become bright and clean.

NEWS OF INTEREST

RUSSIA can bring into the field in case of war 1,463,000 men of all arms.

THE American Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world.

THE number of dogs kept in Paris is said to have been enormously increased. Are the inhabitants accumulating provisions against another siege?

A PAIR petitioner for divorce in Kentucky is thirteen years old, and the ground of petition is that her husband abandoned her more than a year ago.

THE Canadian Government has under consideration the building of a parapet along the brink of the precipice at Niagara, from the lower suspension bridge to Table Rock.

NEBRASKA planted over 12,000,000 forest trees last year. Such consideration for future generations furnishes an excellent example for other Western States to follow.

IT is proposed to erect a monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg to the memory of the unknown soldiers who fell in that struggle. All that we ask is that when it is begun in may be finished.

AN English newspaper has an advertisement from a "clergyman:" "Violet velvet sermon case, large size, with gold embroidered monogram on the cover, lined with watered silk, very handsome, never been used, cost three and a half guineas; infant's new short undercloth-ing desired in exchange."

THE paddle-wheels of a large steamer on the St. John river, in Florida, stopped suddenly, a few nights ago, and then came crash after crash in the wood work. A panic followed, everybody rolling out of his bunk and rushing for the deck, and it was soon ascertained that a big alligator had become entangled in the revolving wheel.

ONE of the most inconvenient labor strikes on record occurred the other day at the Sydenham (England) Crystal Palace. About 2700 licensed victuallers had sat down to a special dinner, and just as they were waiting, knife and fork in hand, to fall upon the good things, the whole body of hired waiters struck for higher wages. The employers "caved."

What Every Horseman Wants?

A GOOD, CHEAP AND RELIABLE LINIment. Such an article is Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. Pint bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

Ladies of Fashion.

To preserve the fresh glow of juvenility against the lapse of years and time's effacing fingers, is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

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PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, August 7, 1875.

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THE PUBLISHERS OF THE POST

Take pleasure in announcing the following

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE

FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

The style of the paper will remain unchanged, except there will be more illustrations than heretofore.

We have already secured contributions from the following brilliant writers for this year, and shall add to the number as rapidly as possible.

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Mrs. Henry Wood,
Mrs Hester A. Benedict,
Margery Laird,
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Matt Winwood,
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SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE MAIDEN'S HEART.

BY E. CASTLEMAN.

Knotting and twisting her golden hair,
That shaded a brow both young and fair,
A maiden sat alone;
Bright were the gems the maiden wore,
But yet for all the maid was poor,
For her heart was not her own.

For alas! a stranger came one day:
He stole the maiden's heart away,
And gave her in return
A few smooth words and a treach'rous kiss,
A few poor moments of fr eted bliss,
And a bitter lesson to learn.

She knows not—sitting, dreaming there—
Of the bitter waking she must bear,
Of the cloud that hangs above;
No shade is on her fair young brow,
She is whisp'ring ever soft and low,
"Come back to me, my love!"

Surely a heart is worth more than this—
More than a flattering word and a kiss.
But there! 'tis ever so:
Men are not always what they seem,
And love, though fair enough in a dream,
Is another word for woe.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

How hard it was to say good-bye!

There were so many precious things to be looked at and to be left—the wildwood just beginning to bud, and to be sweet with song; the orchard, where she dreamed her first strange dream of something limitless, lying far beyond and reaching high above; the valley where she gathered up the daisies; the meadow along whose edges the thick, red raspberries grew, and whose long, green grasses she and the fugitive wind went tangling up together in the days of Auld Lang Syne; the cherry trees where the bird nests were; the locusts hedging in the lawn; the old, old house upon whose sides the suns and storms of forty years had fallen, and more than all, and dearer than all—there, or elsewhere in the wide, wide world—the father with his silver hair, and the mother with her saintly eyes!

How very hard it was, only the dear God knew. How, as she turned her face this way and that, her throat grew smaller till there seemed not room enough for the quick hot breath, and how her heart kept saying all the while—

"It may be for years, and it may be forever!"

though her lips were dumb as the dead are.

Close-clasped in the father's arms, her face in his snow-white beard, and his tears and kisses in a quick rain on her hair, how she prayed God to let her see him once again ere he should be made immortal; to let her come back over the mountains and the plains just once, if never, never again, and find him in the old place still, with the old look in his eyes and the old laugh on his lips.

How she remembered everything she ever did to vex or disappoint him, and how sorry she was for it all!

"My child! my child!"

She will hear his words and the music of his voice—just as she heard them then—so long as there is a pulse-beat in her heart, or life anywhere for the strange, suppliant soul of her; and she will lean toward both, forever, as babes to blaze of candles or to gaslights gleaming through the dark of nights—too slow in passing.

And oh! the mother's eyes! Patient and tender, and true they were, and are, and will be, though they weep their sight away seeing no more their darlings. How they follow, follow after, whichever way the wanderer turns, and how full of Heaven they are.

Surely the love, the hope, the prayer shining from those

"Dear sweet eyes that will never grow old!"

will light her path forever away from the shadowy haunts of ill and upward to—

"The summer-land of song,
The ways they are many, the end it is one."

And yet it seems so far to-night to the father's arms and the mother's lips.

If she could but keep her eyes wide open, she could almost believe the old home nest lies around the mountain whose sides are white with snow, and whose tops are in the clouds. But the eyes are, oh, so tired! and when their lids drop down—as drop they must and will—she cannot help seeing again the miles and miles of sage-brush darkening the desert land, cannot help her vision reaching on and on, and on till the space 'twixt her and hers seems the whole of a wide, wide world, and "the tears come—spite of all."

Perhaps, it is only the dust of the dreadful alkali clinging yet, close under the swollen lids. Perhaps—— Well—the tears come, no matter how or why—but blossoms forever follow the rains.

It is only dusk, now, in the valley where *she* sits. Where *they* are it is well nigh midnight and they are fast asleep. Do they see her in their dreams? Do they hear her calling to them from beds of bloom that alien hands have made, and do they know how she is holding even the memory of them more precious and priceless than all things else that earth and heaven hath given or can give?

Every one is kind and good to her; every one is thoughtful for her. They bring her the choicest fruits and the rarest flowers, and in every delicate way seek to lessen the weariness and add to the charm of her journey from sea to sea. But she cannot forget. Ah! how she wishes she could forget! that only last Saturday night she had not even met them, and, that after all is said and done, they are strangers to her still.

Yet she *is* thankful to them. The memory of their kindness and their care will make a tender music in her ear forever—a music that will make her half forget that such things are in life as selfishness and neglect—make her think better of the world, and feel kindlier disposed toward all who seem not just what is worthy woman's forgiving and encouraging regard.

The shadows are drifting about her, and the dew is in her hair.

She takes some sleepy violets from the low bed where she leans, and kissing them tenderly, she thinks of those that will bloom ere long on a hill-side grave beyond the steep Sierras; far, far beyond the echoing canon and the dusty plains, yet never to be gathered by her, though her fingers will ache for them as her bosom for the bright head they will overshadow kindly.

Yet she knows that every new experience, be it what it may, is a needed hand pushing her on to the Saturday night of life, the night whose dawn will give back to her the clinging arms and the clinging lips missed so long and cried for, oh, so vainly!

And so she welcomes each, and so she waits content.

If she could only steal softly in, and leaning lightly down, kiss them again Good night!

Oh, if she only, only could!

Her heart beats harder and warmer just to think how happy she would be. But so many things are stretching wide between, though the same care hath them all.

She trusts her kisses and her messages of tenderest, truest love to the west wind going by, knowing he will bear them safely and deliver them all, and so goes smiling down to sleep, and to dreams that will give her back again to the old house on the hill, and to the hands that have made it Paradise.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

Albert Rhodes in his book "The French at Home," just published by Dodd & Mead, says:

The face of the American women is more beautiful than that of any other country. It has delicacy of coloring and feature, and finesse and intellectuality in expression; but the body supporting the head, regarded from an artistic and hygienic point of view, is inferior. For breathing and digesting, the upper part is lacking in depth. In a word, the American is more fragile; she is hardly a Diana, and the French is something more, although not the Hebe of Rubens.

The French woman's face is as handsome as that of any other in Europe, and fades more slowly. At forty she glides into an embonpoint with an unwrinkled face and a good complexion—at the age when the English woman becomes heavy-necked and frowsy, and the American pale and wrinkled. The climate has something to do with this, but doubtless her nourishing food, generous wine, and out-of-door air, much more. Her mode of living contributes thereto—the exercise and development of each function in a more natural and sensuous manner than with us. There are ascetic ideas in America which have a tendency to retard the physical development of woman; for mind moulds matter. The extremes of American life are unfavorable to a healthy growth, in its fastness as well as its asceticism, where the flesh is corrupted by dissipation, or mortified by certain religious teachings. Aside from these causes is a prevalent notion that it is beneath the dignity of man and woman to occupy themselves with what they shall eat and what they shall drink.

The American has more intellect than her French sister, but the latter has softness where she has pertness. There is nervous excitability and cleverness in one, mellowness and equality of character in the other. The forced, brilliant vitality of women in America is subject to fits of reaction, for nature has its limit. In the French woman the mind is more even and cheerful, and in the absence of exhaustive and irregular demands made upon it the uniform health is better.

In qualities of a purely mental character, the equal of the American woman cannot perhaps be found in the world; but with all her knowledge and intellectual activity, she lacks that which made the Greeks what they have been and the French what they are—organic cultivation. Entwined in these words are taste and art. A riper civilization, though not a purer, shall invest her with a knowledge of these things, and a harmony of character not now possessed; and with it will come, alas! that decadence in morals which always marches on the heels of the beautiful in every age and in every climate. It is sad that such heavy tribute should be exacted as the price of an added enjoyment, but art is inexorable.

Breaking Down.—Men often have their hands full, are overcrowded with business and drive hurriedly along at it, but they may not be overworked. We cannot always tell when men are overworked. A man does not always know it himself, not any more than he knows the strain on the mainspring of his watch that will break it. But there comes a time when it breaks—a click, a snap, and the watch stops. Men break down in this way. They go on day after day, the pressure bearing harder and harder each successive day, until the day comes when the vital force gives out and the machine stops. It is a great pity that the indications of this state of things cannot be seen beforehand, and, if seen, regarded. It is one of the last things that men will admit to themselves, much less to others. They flatter themselves that it is only a little weariness of the flesh, which will pass off with a few hours' rest, when, in fact, every nerve and power and resource are exhausted, and the system is driven to its work by sheer force of the will. This cannot last. When the oil on the shaft or in the oil box is exhausted, every revolution of the wheel wears on the revolving part and will soon ruin it. The same is true of the human body, for, when it is overtaxed, every effort wears to destroy it.

Mental Culture.—What ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to the land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as that which is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, bramble, thorns and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up, in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in every kind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools give rise to.

The Ruts of Life.—Get out of them, if you wish to live long. Men and women must have recreation, must have amusement, must have diversion. It is wholesome for the mind to break away from its daily vocation or employment every night. The man who goes away from his counting-house or his workshop at the close of the day, and does not leave it behind him, but sits at the family table in moodiness, brooding over past occurrences, weighing probabilities, laying plans, and when the meal is over, thinking, thinking, thinking by the hour, and goes to bed to toss and tumble about, cannot live long; the brain or the heart must give way.

Some one said to a reformer, "The whole world is against you." He calmly replied, "Then I am against the whole world."

Women, we sometimes think, more easily pardon faults in men than excellences in each other.

LOVE VS. FATE.

BY MAURICE EGAN.

Last night that board fence in the side street was blank; this morning it is a flame with red and green posters. By means of these flaring placards—which always have a strange fascination for me—the manager of the Thespian Theatre begs leave to inform an enlightened public that, in honor of the birthday of the immortal Father of his Country, he has prepared an unrivaled bill of unequaled attraction. Here the green letters give out, and the names of the performers begin in red—probably blushing under the commendation bestowed upon them.

Between the gorgeous announcements of the drama and the farce I notice a thin line of black, to the effect that Signorita Laura di Lorni will give vocal selections especially arranged for her, among them her favorite song from "Enid," "Turn, Fortune, Turn Thy Wheel." Strange song for an Italian to select! But, as I further read that the songstress is young, lovely, and a *debutante*, and there is no mention of her having "electrified" crowded houses in all the leading cities of Italy, my curiosity is aroused, and I resolve to hear her.

Having procured seats, I invite—call bachelors selfish, after that!—I invite Mrs. Evergreen and Bessie, who are delighted to accept.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

The people in Perryville imagined that Frederick Lorne was a rich man because he was a very idle one. He was a silent partner in a Perryville firm, from which he derived an annual income; but beyond receiving this money, he did absolutely nothing in the way of business. He was a widower—a short, slight, refined-looking man—who did nothing all day but sit in his little study, sipping mild sherry and reading the oldest editions of old books.

His son, Arthur, was an invalid, gentle, sweet tempered and patient. His daughter, Laura, seemed to possess all the beauty, will and vivacity of the family. She was slight and *petite*, but a queen in miniature. Arthur, who was somewhat artistic, as well as musical, had painted her once as Titania. Perryville was a small place, and she had many admirers. The favored one was Jasper Ellis, a clerk in the firm in which Mr. Lorne was an exceedingly silent partner. One day Laura had entered her father's study, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, my dear?"

"Papa," began Laura, slightly hesitating—"papa, he has asked me—that is——"

"I thought so," said papa, calmly. "Which he?"

"Jasper Ellis."

"The right one," answered Mr. Lorne. "I like him. Arrange it yourselves, and don't mention it to me again until the wedding day. I'll not be bothered."

And then he immersed himself in an antique copy of "Ben Jonson," and refused further conversation.

From that day Laura was happier, yet less gay and more thoughtful, for a new world opened before her; she wore Jasper Ellis' engagement ring.

In the June twilight Jasper Ellis pushed aside the low-hanging masses of odorous honeysuckle and stepped upon the porch where Laura was sitting alone.

He tried to smile in answer to hers, but it was a failure.

"Laura," he said, "I feel that the only secure things in this world are God's love and yours. Our happy future seemed so near, and now——"

Laura's face paled, and a thousand fears rushed through her mind.

"I must leave Perryville for a time," he continued; "the firm needs my services no longer."

"Is that all?" she asked, brightening. "You need not go, then. I will ask papa——"

He shook his head.

"No. The affairs of the firm are in a bad way. The business has dwindled away to such a degree, that there is really no work for me. Your father must know this."

"Papa does not trouble himself about business. Can you not find a situation in Perryville?"

"No. Fortune turned against me just as I thought happiness was in my grasp. With the salary I was receiving, in another year we would have been able to begin life together."

Actress like—all women are actresses, more or less—Laura, with an effort, called up a smile to comfort her lover.

"'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.'"

"Go on," Jasper said; "I like that."

"'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.'"

"Thank you, Laura," he said, when she had finished. "Through heaven's help, I *will* be master of my fate. I have received an offer from a firm in New York. To-morrow I start."

Then there followed an hour or so of parting, until Arthur and the moonbeams appeared on the porch and warned them that "such sweet sorrow" could not go on forever.

In a few days Laura received a hopeful letter. Jasper had succeeded in securing a place as bookkeeper in a prominent Havana house. The letter was written on board the steamer bound for Cuba. In six months' time, at the longest, he would return and call her "wife."

There was great grief at home for Laura now. The Perryville firm had failed, and Frederick Lorne was left almost penniless. The only thing he could claim was the house in which he lived, and that must be sold. He must give up his books, his leisure, his quiet, dream-like life. The shock was too great for him to bear. He grew weaker and weaker—a "breaking up of the constitution," the doctors said—and he slowly drifted into death.

When the funeral was over, and all debts paid, Laura and Arthur found themselves homeless, but possessed of a balance of four hundred dollars. Arthur was an invalid—a cripple; he could not walk without crutches. He had great musical talent, and could make the organ of the little chapel in Perryville speak like a thing inspired; but then he could gain no money by organ playing.

"We will go to the city," said Laura. "There, surely, there is work for both."

And they went to the city.

Laura discovered that governesses were not in demand—that music, French and pure English were not sufficient qualifications to enable her to enter the "noble army" of public school-teachers, and that her knowledge was too inaccurate and undisciplined to help her in earning a livelihood. Arthur, unknown and unrecommended, officiated occasionally as a substitute for some more fortunate organist, but he was unable to obtain regular employment. Laura invested the remnant of the money in a machine, and, as a last resort, took to sewing.

A year dragged wearily along. Arthur fell sick and could not leave the house. The doctor ordered fruit and wine for him. Laura listened in despair. She could, by toiling far into the night, earn only the necessaries of life. She *must* do something. But what? Would heaven answer her?

The world seemed very dark. She had written many letters to Jasper Ellis, but none had come in reply. She felt that he was true, and yet she asked herself, was he true? Would heaven answer her?

"Miss," said the sharp-eyed German violin-player who lived on the second floor—"miss, I have heard you sing. You can sing!"

Laura, who was on her way down stairs with some work, paused in astonishment. The German musician had never spoken to her before.

"Yes, you can sing. Ach, like a kanarienvogelchen! I have heard. It is so. Sing for me at the Thespian. It will bring you mooch money."

Laura struggled a day or two with timidity and distaste and then consented. The manager of the Thespian preferred that she should be called Signorita Laura di Lorni; and Mrs. Evergreen, Bessie and I heard her sing, "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel."

It was a success. When the last, clear, thrilling note died away there was a second's pause, and then a great burst of acclamations. The singer appeared again.

"'Though darkest clouds may mar the morning's beams,
Though vapors dull may settle on the streams,
Though blighting time destroy thy fondest dreams,
I will be true to thee!'"

Laura got no further. A young man sitting next to Mrs. Evergreen suddenly rose in his seat. His eyes were fixed with wonderful intensity on the stage. Laura saw him. The music died away. The orchestra raised their heads in amazement, only to see her clutch at a side scene and fall.

In two minutes motherly Mrs. Evergreen had made her way to the back of the stage. That young man was before her, though. He pushed the others aside and raised the fainting girl.

"Jasper!" she whispered.

"At last!"

I could not hear the explanation about the letters, but I am sure that it was satisfactory, for in two weeks' time Jasper Ellis and Laura Lorne were married in Mrs. Evergreen's parlor.

Jasper has so far "mastered his fate" as to secure an interest in a sugar plantation, and in a few days the happy pair will start, with Arthur, for "the land of the sun." Rich or poor, however, he has Laura, and is "lord of his own hands."

For love is love, and love can conquer fate.

HEARTY SUPPERS.

Eating a hearty meal at the close of the day is like giving a laboring man a full day's work to do just as night sets in, although he has been toiling all day. The whole body is fatigued when night sets in, the stomach takes its full share, and to eat heartily at supper and then go to bed is giving all the other portions and functions of the body repose, while the stomach has thrown upon it four or five hours to dispose of breakfast, and a still longer time for dinner. This ten or twelve hours of almost incessant work has nearly exhausted its power. It cannot properly digest another full meal, but labors at it for long hours together like an exhausted galley slave on a newly-imposed task. The result is that, by the unnatural length of time the food is kept in the stomach, and the imperfect manner in which the exhausted organs manage it, it becomes more or less acid. This generates wind—this distends the stomach, this presses up itself against the more yielding lungs, confining them to a largely diminished space. Hence every breath taken is insufficient for the wants of the system, the blood becomes foul, black, and thick, refuses to flow, and the man dies, or in delirium of fright leaps from a window to commit suicide. Let any reader who leads an inactive life for the most part try the experiment for a week of eating absolutely nothing after a one or two o'clock dinner, and see if a sounder sleep, and a vigorous appetite for breakfast and a hearty dinner, are not the pleasurable results, to say nothing of a happy deliverance from that disagreeable fullness, weight, oppression, or acidity which attends overeating. The great renovating and vivacity which a long, delicious, soothing sleep imparts both to mind and body will of themselves more than compensate for the certainly short and rather dubious pleasure of eating a supper with no special relish for it.

Superficial Acquirements.—The boy or girl who can give the name of every river and the height of every mountain in Asia, the age of every reigning sovereign in Europe, the date of every battle in America, can hardly be as well off for all this burdensome knowledge as one who knows the elements of human physiology and anatomy, who is taught more of the knowledge useful in after life, and can tell how to help himself or another in case of accident or emergency. The boy who is to go into active life and the girl who is to become the head of a household, will have little occasion and less opportunity to use the greater part of the "crammed" lessons so industriously accumulated during their school years. A fair knowledge of the rules that are at the bottom of all healthful activity, a general acquaintance with anatomy and a well-grounded taste for natural sciences, will all grow into and become part of their daily lives, and such things are far less likely to make pretentious men or women than that kind of smattering "memorized" facts and dates and "words," which is too often the penalty of superficial study.

Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world; fruits, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them.

Centennial Items.

A Berlin despatch to the London *Times* says a German squadron will probably visit the United States in 1876, in return for the visit of Admiral Worden's fleet.

Some of the people in the northern section of Pennsylvania, and those along the Susquehanna river, intend visiting the Centennial at Philadelphia in canal boats and lumber rafts in order to save the expense of hotel prices. Not a bad idea.

The British Commissioner to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, has presented an official report to his government. He says the arrangements for the convenience of the exhibitors are such as to secure them unusual advantages.

The House of Representatives of Connecticut have voted an appropriation of $35,000 to the National Centennial Exhibition next year, $10,000 to the stock of the association, and $15,000 to the local board to promote the interests of Connecticut at the exhibition.

A meeting of the French committee to promote the representation of France at the Philadelphia Exhibition was held on July 7th to examine the question of transportation. The Minister of Commerce presided. It was ascertained that the rate of freight from Paris to Philadelphia was two-thirds less than from Paris to Vienna, and one-half less than from Paris to London.

Many prominent ladies of New York, Westchester, and Kings counties have inaugurated a movement for a monument to Washington Irving. The scheme is to have a colossal bust on a splendid granite pedestal, with four bronze figures representing Rip Van Winkle, an old Knickerbocker, and two other of Irving's original characters; the price to be $25,000, and the statue to be placed in Central Park, after having been exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The first section of the Japanese Centennial Commission, consisting of Mr. Sekizawa, Executive Commissioner, and Mr. Ishii, have already arrived in Philadelphia. These Japanese officials are accompanied by Mr. Fritz Owen, an English gentleman attached to the commission, and a son of Mr. Cunliffe Owen, the English Commissioner. The commission enter immediately upon their active duties, among the first of which will be the erection in the Park of a suite of offices built after Japanese architectural designs.

The ceremonies in Fairmount Park on July 5th, on the site of the Centennial buildings, were of a most gratifying character, auguring well for those of 1876, when the great crowning act of the Centennial will be performed. We are now fairly launched in this great work, and in the twelve months before us it will become the duty of the people everywhere to contribute their aid to its complete success. To do this the national feeling and emulation have been fully aroused, and there is no longer any doubt of the result. The indications justify the opinion that visitors from abroad and from our own country will be limited only by the means of transportation.

Personal Items.

Olive Logan is listening to the sad sea waves at Long Branch.

Clara Morris has arrived at Queenstown and left for a tour through Scotland.

Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) is writing interesting letters from England.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish baronet, has gone on a journey to the Holy Land.

Ex-Governor Weston, of New Hampshire, is in constant receipt of letters desiring to engage him for a walking-match.

The announcement of the insanity of Robert Dale Owen is one of the saddest misfortunes of the age, and will be universally regretted.

Mr. John S. Clarke and Mr. Sothern, it is said, will be associated in the management of the London Haymarket Theatre next season.

Mlle. Aimee took back with her to France about 100,000 francs, and is soon to give a house-warming at her magnificent new house at Froquet.

Another lady has attained the dignity of College "professor." Miss Susan M. Hallowell assumes the chair of natural history in Wellesley College, Mass., with a salary of $1800.

Mlle. Tietjens is the last of the great dramatic singers in opera of the Pasta and Grisi order, and her promised visit to this country in the fall will be an attraction of no ordinary interest.

Bartley Campbell has changed the title of his version of "Ultimo" to "Bulls and Bears," and intends producing it all over the country next season in opposition to "The Big Bonanza."

Colonel and Madame Jerome Bonaparte and family, of Baltimore, have gone to Lake Geneva, where they will spend the summer, returning to this country in the fall. The report that the family intend to live in Europe hereafter is incorrect.

Richard Power, Member of Parliament for Waterford, is coming to the United States on a lecturing tour shortly after the adjournment of the Houses of Parliament, and he will probably find out that half his audiences here know how to lecture better than he does.

Count Gleichen, Queen Victoria's cousin, is now engaged on a statue of Alfred the Great, which is to be erected at the King's birthplace, Wantage, by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, M. P. The figure will be of colossal size, and has one hand resting on a battleaxe, the other holding a roll of parchment.

Announcement is made that Mr. Tennyson's new drama, "Queen Mary," is to be superbly brought out next winter at the Lyceum, London, with Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) in the two leading parts. Arrangements for this purpose have already been made between Mr. Tennyson and Miss Bateman, who is now lessee of the theatre once managed by her father.

General Butler owns a yacht which Donald McKay, the great shipwright of New York, has overhauled, re-rigged, and refurnished in splendid style. It is understood the General and his friends will occupy this vessel this season, and visit the principal watering-places on the Atlantic coast. Butler never does things by halves, and his yacht, like himself, will sail full before the wind when he weighs anchor.

SPINNING NOTHING.

BY F. S. MILLS.

A little girl sat one day under a tree, playing at spinning. "Buzz, buzz, buzz!" she said, keeping time all the while with her foot, and pretending to draw out the thread. While she was busy in this way, there popped up a little old woman from under a fern-leaf.

"Child will you spin for me?" said this little old woman; but the little girl was so frightened that she dropped everything, and ran away.

The next day, however, sitting in her father's garden, she began to spin as before, saying, "Buzz, buzz!" and keeping time with her foot, when out popped the little old woman from behind a currant-bush, saying exactly as she had done the first time, "Child, will you spin for me?"

This time the little girl did not run away, but looked at the little old woman; and she saw that she was not as tall as the currant-bush, and that she wore velvet shoes with diamond buckles, and a new satin cloak, and a black velvet hood, and altogether was a very wonderful little old woman.

"Why don't you spin for yourself?" asked the little girl, when she had taken a good look at her.

"Alas!" said the old woman. "I am a fairy, and I lived with my sister, who is a more powerful fairy than I am. We lived very well together, till one day I stepped on her cat's tail. The cat went in a rage to tell her mistress, and vowed that I did it on purpose. My sister, who had a bad temper, refused to listen to me; and to punish me, declared that I should not be able to spin for a year. Now, you know, each year every fairy is obliged to carry to Court a blanket of her own spinning; and if I fail I shall be shut up three thousand years in a strong spider's web; and my sister has enchanted my wheel, so that I cannot spin a thread."

"Very good," said the little girl, "I will spin for you. Where is the wheel?"

"You need no wheel," answered the old fairy; "all you have to do is to sit there as you are doing now, and say 'buzz, buzz!' and keep time with your foot, an hour each day; but you will find it very tiresome to keep steadily at it, and you will feel inclined to stop and run off to play; but remember whenever you do, there will be a break in my thread, and I shall be blamed."

With that the little old woman went away; and the child, as she had promised, sat there an hour that day, and an hour the next day, and so on for a great many weeks. She found it very tiresome, as the old woman had said, and could not help laughing at the notion of saying "buzz, buzz!" and spinning nothing, in earnest; but she was a good and kind-hearted little girl, and so anxious to help the old woman, that she never stopped once in doing her task; and each day when the hour was up, the old woman would come out from behind the currant-bush, and say, smiling, "Many thanks, little dame. Some of these days you will have a plant in your window-sill, put it in a pot, and we will see what will come of it."

Now, the child thought so much about the little woman and her spinning, that she she talked about in her sleep; and one day her elder sister heard her say, "Child, will you spin for me?" and was so curious to know what it was all about, that she waked her up, and asked her what she was talking about. So the little girl told her sister the whole story.

"And what did the fairy give you for all this spinning?" asked the eldest sister, who was very selfish and greedy.

"Nothing," answered the little girl; "but she says that some day I shall find a plant in my window-sill, and I can put it in a pot and see what it will come to!"

"Pshaw!" said the elder sister, "is that all? What a little stupid you are, to be sure! I mean to spin for the old woman, and you shall see what I will get out of her."

So the next day the elder sister went to the currant-bush, and sat there, saying, "Buzz! buzz!" and keeping time with her foot, when out popped the old woman, asking, "Woman, will you spin for me? Woman, will you spin for me?"

"What will you give me if I do?" asked the elder sister.

"Alas!" said the old woman, "I am very poor. I have nothing but a little garden; I will give you a plant out of that."

"Nonsense!" answered the girl, "you can't put me off in that way. What do I want with your plants? You must bring me a bushel of gold watches."

"Oh, oh!" cried the old woman, making a face, "you will ruin me!"

But in the end, she promised; and when the girl had done her hour's spinning, there were a bushel of gold watches, which she put in the wheelbarrow, covered over with cabbage leaves, and hid in the cellar. The next day, precisely the same thing happened, only the girl demanded two bushels of gold earrings, which the old woman brought her after some grumbling, and which she hid away with the watches; but the third day the young sister found on her window-sill a little golden plant, with diamond flowers. Remembering the fairy's words, she set it out in a pot, when it began at once to grow, bud and blossom. In great delight, she ran to show her elder sister.

"Bah!" said the envious girl, "that is nothing. I know how to manage the old woman better. I have a bushel of watches and two bushels of golden earrings down in the cellar. Come and see."

So the two sisters went down to look together; but when the cabbage leaves were taken away, there was only a bushel of turnips and two bushels of carrots.

"I think I like my wages best," said the little sister; but the disappointed, selfish one began to cry and tear her hair.

THE FURNACE.—It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

A SHOWER OF ROSES.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

In, through the casement of my morning room—
The wind steals softly, laden with perfume;
The angels rained from out the realms of light
A shower of roses, on the world last night.

Bright fairy blossoms, speaking hope and love
To soothe the weary; pointing them above
To the unfading hills—where they may rest
From labor, evermore among the blest.

Immortal roses, tell me, can it be,
You hold within your hearts a place for me?
Whisper your answer softly—speak it low;
Sweetest and best of all the flowers that grow.

Oh, blessed treasures of the summer time.
You send your answer in this soul of mine.
While from your lips I drink love's nectar sweet,
You cast your crowns of beauty at my feet.

A shower of roses! coming from the skies,
To bless and make poor mortals truly wise;
For speaketh not the rose with dying breath,
A hope that liveth even after death?

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DEAD AND BURIED.

It was a sad house to which Guy Hawthorne returned that morning, and for the time, at least, his was a doubtful reception.

In one of those closed rooms above-stairs, where the curtains were drawn and the faintest ray of light shut out, was that white wonder of death; in another, where the curtains were also drawn, was a bright eyed, restless creature, who was a child one moment, prattling of her mother; but the next was an accusing spirit, fancying in her fevered insanity, that her mother had been murdered, and that she had seen the murderer's face in the glass.

And with a face subdued to the semblance of decorous woe, Felicie Montcontour sat by the side of the unhappy Phyllis, gave her water to drink, put ice on her head when she would allow it, and saw that she had her medicine at the right time. For the doctor, who had been called in to see the dead mistress of the house, had said that she had died of heart disease—a melancholy event to be sure, but one which he had long anticipated; and had at once turned his attention to Phyllis, pronouncing her to be in the greatest danger from brain fever.

For the time she was wholly insensible to surrounding objects, save that now and then when Felicie approached nearer the bed, she would toss her head from side to side and mutter:

"Yes; those are the same dreadful eyes that stabbed her!"

And then she would shrink away from the touch of her fingers, or the sight of her dark but beautiful face.

She still lay there, just as she had lain ever since Polly found her, when her father returned. And she looked at him, when he spoke to her, with a wide-eyed, vacant stare, that held not a glimpse of recognition.

"Why does she look at me like that?" he asked, turning his white face to Felicie.

"Don't you know?" she answered him, gravely. "The doctor says she is threatened with brain fever."

"Poor little Phyllis!" he said, bending over to touch with his lips the hot brow. "It is hard that she should have to suffer for my sin."

Felicie's eyes flashed ominously, as they always did when Mr. Hawthorne appeared to forget her presence in that of his child.

"It is as well perhaps that she is unconscious of all that is passing," she said, in a low voice. "She has had queer fancies, and she might make us trouble if she should come to her senses before her mother is buried."

Guy Hawthorne came a step nearer Felicie, a new trouble speaking in his face, as she stealthily took note from her bosom and pressed it into his hand.

"No one can harm you, my darling," he said, in a hurried whisper; "and while you are safe I am quite content."

She did not answer—there were too many listeners near the door of the sick chamber, but she gave him one look from her eloquent eyes that made his guilty soul leap in passionate ecstasy.

"Can you bear to stay here, my angel? Either of the servants can take your place."

"No," she said; "I will stay. But you may send Polly in to keep me from growing nervous."

And while Mr. Hawthorne shut himself up in the library, pitied by everyone who had seen his white face, faithful Polly hastened to the bedside of her young mistress, resolved not to leave it again unless put out by force.

The long day wore on, made more terrible by the sound of the measured footsteps coming and going through the gloomy house—the sound of the coffin as it was set down in the guest chamber—that terribly lonely chamber where death was guest—and the hushed whispers on the stairs as one and another of the neighbors came in to take the last look at Guy Hawthorne's dead wife.

Alone in the library, he heard it all, but if his heart felt a single pang he denied it even to himself, and no one could read his secret in the stony calm of his face.

As night came down, Phyllis became more restless, the fever ran riot in her veins, and Polly, frightened at last, offered to go for her father.

"What!" said Felicie, scornfully; "disturb your master in the first hour of his trouble! No! Go, if you are afraid, and I will watch alone."

"It isn't that I'm afraid, miss, but I thought her father might like to be with her; for we all know, if we be servants, how that Miss Phyllis is the apple of his eye."

"He could do no good," said Felicie, controlling the angry impulse which would have led her to strike the girl to the ground; "and he needs rest to prepare for to-morrow."

"And it be true then that the poor mistress will be carried away to-morrow! Lord love us, but it'll be a sorry day for us all!"

And Polly put her head down on her knees and sobbed aloud.

"Who weeps?" cried Phyllis, lifting her head from the tumbled pillow; "who is it that weeps while my eyes are dry? Did I not see the dreadful dead done, and yet not a tear comes at my bidding! Oh, mother, mother!" she shrieked, trying to spring from the bed.

The two watchers were by her in a moment and had compelled her to lie down again, but it was a long time before she became quiet.

"What is it she means?" asked Polly, in an awed whisper.

"Hush!" said Felicie, sharply. "It is only the wild fancies of a disordered brain. She will not remember, herself, what she has talked of when she is well again."

And Polly, only half-satisfied, sank down again in her chair to watch out the dreary night.

* * * * *

Morning broke at last, and in the gray, cheerless dawn Phyllis lay white and still on her pillow.

Her eyes were closed and the long lashes swept the colorless cheeks. The fever had left her, the doctor said, but she lay quite motionless, apparently unconscious of all that was going on in the house.

Even at the sound of many footsteps in the hall, at the hour appointed for the funeral services, she did not stir, though if anyone had been watching the pale face closely, they would have seen a crimson flush run over her cheeks when the coffin which held her mother's remains was carried past her door and down the long stairway; a sudden tremor of the eyelids and a quiver of the lips; but she gave no other sign, and was as still as death itself, while the short services were held in the crowded parlor, and while the mournful procession was passing out of the house and down the avenue to the sombre line of carriages that was drawn up just outside the gates.

Polly had imagined her young mistress was asleep, and had left her a few moments before to steal to the top of the stairs and watch the people as they followed the coffin and the solitary mourner down the steps.

The door was shut to keep the noise from waking her, and there was no one to see the slender figure in its white night-robes slip cautiously from the bed and move on tip-toe to the window and there pull the heavy curtains apart.

There she could see the long line of carriages, and could just discern the bearers as they lifted that precious casket into the black-plumed hearse.

She shuddered at the sight, but would not turn away until the last carriage was lost to sight.

Then, without a single sob, she went back to her bed; but, dry eyed and calm as she was, to all outward appearance, Felicie Montcontour would have trembled if she could have heard the tone in which her name came from those pallid lips.

But for that night at least, Felicie avoided the sick-room. When the single carriage that contained Guy Hawthorne and herself, drove up to the door, she went at once to her own room and remained there until dark; only coming down then to pour Mr. Hawthorne's tea, and to ask Polly if she should share her watch that night.

But Polly would have refused if the offer had been even more cordial than it was.

"I think Miss Phyllis wants nobody but me," she said slowly; "and she bade me tell you that she hoped to be well enough to relieve you of all the care you had took on yourself in a few days."

Felicie flashed a sudden inquisitive look at the little maid who was standing by her chair, but the face was as blank as an enigma.

"Very well," she said; "I did not suppose, though, that Phyllis was well enough to talk. Are you sure she knew what she was saying?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Polly, flushing at the tone more than at the words.

"Tell your young mistress, Polly, that I will come and see her early to morrow; and that she must get all the sleep she can to-night."

And turning to the woman's face opposite to him, Guy forgot all about the child who loved him, and who, in the silence of her sick room, was mourning so bitterly her mother's loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A JOURNEY IN THE DARK.

It was a little past midnight—perhaps nearer one o'clock than twelve—when a close carriage was driven at full speed along the road that led from the pleasant valley town where the Hawthornes lived toward the distant range of hills that boasted neither town nor inhabitants.

A roundabout route the driver had taken to reach the Hatterline Hills, but perhaps he had wished to avoid the country houses which were scattered along the way. If that was his object he had succeeded, for not a person had awakened to wonder for what purpose a carriage was driven so recklessly at that hour of the night.

There were two persons inside the carriage; one was evidently a woman, though no part of her person was visible outside the numerous heavy wrappings, except her face, and that looked, in the occasional gleams of moonlight which fell through the overhanging branches, the color of death; the other was a man, a tall, fair man, wrapped in a long cloak, which seemed to be worn more for the sake of disguise than for warmth.

Every half hour or oftener he lowered the window of the carriage on the side where he sat, and peered out, apparently distrusting the very silence and darkness that were his security; then leaning back in his seat, he would watch his companion with unwavering eyes.

Finally he knocked at the glass panel behind the driver's seat, and called out in a hurried, shrill whisper:

"For why do we crawl at such a snail's pace? Did not I tell you we must be out of sight among the Hatterlines before the faintest peep of day?"

"Never you mind the peep o' day! Before the clocks in the steeples strike four, you'll be safely housed, sir."

"And what is the time in the steeples now?"

"A bit past two. We've come a goodish way without stopping to take breath. That is, the two of us who have any breath to take," he added with a leer.

"Gar! You are at it again! Did not I tell you I will have no nonsense on the road?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; you certainly did tell me that, and I came near forgetting."

For a few moments the man inside the carriage was quiet; then he reached up his arm again.

"What time is it now?"

"It lacks but a quarter to three, and we are already in the shadow of the hills."

"And is there not following us any carriage?"

"Not a bit of it. I'd defy anybody to have followed us to-night, and I not to have found it out."

"That is very well. Can you find in the dark the house you tell me of?"

"It would be queer if I couldn't. Many's the time I've found it before, on darker nights than this, and the snow driving in my face like mad."

"But you are quite sure that it is empty of curious eyes to-night?"

"There's not a person there but old Nickerson and his Judy; and won't be, if you pay 'em well to keep the place empty."

"And they are not curious, and one of them is a woman, Gar, but that's a hard thing to believe."

"You can believe it or not, as you like; but you will see when you get there."

And the driver cracked his whip, and the carriage rattled on over loose stones and outlying roots of trees, until if his passenger had not been too much absorbed in other thoughts, he would certainly have had some fears as to the safety of his neck.

At last the wheels ran a little more smoothly; the driver hallooed at the top of his voice, and with an admonitory jerk, the carriage stopped in the very centre of a desolate piece of woods in front of a dull-looking old house, to all appearance uninhabited.

It was a tall, old-fashioned house, with small square windows, every one of which was heavily barred with iron; and the blackened chimneys stood up from the slanting roof like sentinels, defying alike wind and rain and the fierce storms of winter.

The whole place wore an aspect of neglect. The woodwork had long stood in sore need of paint; the trees that were standing were clasped at their roots by trees that had fallen, or had at some remote period been cut down; and hardly a vestige of anything like grass appeared, except the high stiff blades that rustled mournfully against the damp, stone steps.

All of this, Gustave Feder had time to see, for the first gray glimmer of dawn was creeping over the hills, before an old man, bent half double, came slowly round the corner of the house and stared at the carriage and at the two men who stood by it.

"Come, old man," called out the driver in a loud tone, "straighten up a little. We are all friends here, and I'm your best friend, for I have brought you a new customer."

As if by magic, the bent form straightened, the half-shut eyes opened wide, and the old man came forward with evident eagerness.

"A customer?" he repeated sharply, glancing towards the Frenchman as he said it.

"And a playfellow for Judy," said the driver, opening the door of the carriage to let the old man look inside.

"A woman, and a dead one at that. You know, Tim Sykes, that Judy don't relish that kind," he said, drawing his rough finger down the cold white face!

"Not when her pocket is full of gold pieces; eh, Nickerson?"

"Well, that does sometimes make a difference," he replied, with a sparkle of his small black eyes. "We'll see what Judy'll say to it."

And he disappeared as silently as he had come.

CHAPTER X.

JUDY NICKERSON'S DECISION.

"That is a very queer, strange way to make one welcome to one's house," said the Frenchman, looking after the old man, uneasily.

"It's his way," said his companion, shortly. "He always consults Judy first, before he takes a stranger into the house."

"There is mystery then in the house before that we bring to it?"

"Perhaps. That's none of my business though."

"Nor mine, is it, you would say?"

"I don't pretend to know your business further than you pay me to know it; and if you should try from now till the crack o' doom, you would never find out anything that Judy Nickerson don't mean you shall know."

But at that moment the front door swung open almost in their faces, and Judith Nickerson appeared in the doorway, her husband standing behind her and holding the light—high up above their heads.

If Gustave Feder had expected to see an ugly old woman, whose face should match well that of her husband, he had ample excuse for the start of astonishment which he gave when he first caught sight of her.

The lamp light shone on as fair a face as he had ever seen. A pink and white skin, blue eyes, which would have been beautiful but for the cold light in their depths; full, red lips and a dimpled chin; and round her head masses of nut-brown hair, wound in heavy coils.

Such was Judith Nickerson, the mistress of that gloomy house among the Hatterline Hills.

She stood for a moment as if listening, with an intent expression on her face; then dropping her eyes to the ground, she came rapidly forward to where the two men stood, motioning her husband to follow her.

"Take out the body," she said, in a low, clear voice, "and carry it into the east room."

"Who shall carry it?" asked her husband.

"Let those who brought it carry it in. Go you before with the light."

The Frenchman made a wry face as if not used to obeying so implicitly a woman's orders, but he dared not delay, as it was every moment growing lighter, and he dreaded to see the sun's rays fall on that pinched, white face.

Sykes was as calm as if used to handling dead people every day of his life.

"Shall she go head first or feet first?" he asked, turning the body over so that the white face was toward the sky.

"Why you ask me that?" said the Frenchman, for Sykes with the question had glanced meaningly at him.

"Oh, no particular reason; only as folks go in they're apt to come out!" he replied, laughing in a low, queer way.

"Gar! Is there but one way then for dead folks to go or come?" asked the impatient Frenchman. "Do you go the first."

"Feet first, is it? All right, then."

And he backed up the slippery steps and in through the open door.

Judith Nickerson stood at the farther end of the long, narrow hall, holding a door open, and toward that they moved as fast as they could, with the burden they carried.

But when they reached the door, Judith stood in the way.

"To whom does the body belong?" she asked.

"Not to me!" exclaimed Sykes, letting the feet fall heavily down.

The Frenchman staggered under the unexpected weight, and muttered a curse under his breath.

"Why you do that?" he cried, angrily, when he had recovered from the sudden shock. "Have you not any what you call back bone?"

"Backbone enough, but it's not wanted here."

"Hush!" said Judith. "Do you, sir, lift your friend, and carry her in. Gault, put down that light and take Tim Sykes into the kitchen and give him something to eat."

Gustave Feder had half carried, half dragged the body of the woman across the room, and laid it upon the sofa to which Judith Nickerson pointed.

When he lifted himself from the unwelcome task, she had closed the door and was turning the key in the lock.

"Now," she said, facing him coolly, "you may talk. In the first place, who is she; and in the next place, what am I to do with her?"

"But, my dear lady," he began, when she interrupted him with a motion of her hand.

"That is not answering my question."

He looked at her, and drew his breath hard against his shut teeth.

"I am waiting," she said, calmly.

"Well, then, the woman is a relative to me," he began, cautiously feeling his way.

"What relation?" she asked, quietly.

"What you call very distant relation," he replied.

"I understand," she said, significantly. "What is her name?"

He paused a moment, at his wit's end for an answer; then, with a cunning smile, he said:

"*Estella Montcontour.*"

"Very well." And she repeated the name slowly, as if to fix it in her mind. "What am I to do with her?"

"Keep her out of sight, and——"

"And what?" she cried, staring at him in real amazement.

"And feed her."

"Feed her! Are you crazy, man?"

"But not too much," he said, smiling serenely in her face. "She will need not much, and I pay you twenty dollars a week."

"Then the woman is not dead?" said Judith Nickerson, going over to the old sofa and kneeling down beside it.

"Chut! chut!" he whispered. "No one must know that little secret but I and you."

"You were speaking in sober earnest then?"

"In sober earnest," he repeated. "She was dead and the sermon said, and the coffin put in the ground; but that was all a little coggery of mine own. She look dolesome now, but bless your pretty eyes, she'll be brisk as one little bee in the short time."

"You didn't connive at her death then?" his companion said, lifting her eyes at length to his face.

"I, Gar, I would not make her dead for ten thousand dollars!"

"And you only want her kept out of sight?"

"Out of the sight of every person, until I shall come again to see you. See, here is one hundred dollar for your trouble what I put you to, and one hundred more for the five to come weeks. It is one bargain between us?"

"Yes," she said, her pale face flushing, and her eyes sparkling, as she gathered up the bills and slipped them into her pocket. "It is a bargain! And when Judith Nickerson says that, you may feel secure."

And rising with careless grace, she led the way to the kitchen, where the two men were just beginning a comfortable breakfast.

And the door was locked on the silent room that was no longer tenantless.

And Gustave Feder muttered to himself: "I know what I am about. The time never has come when I throw a stone in my own garden!"

CHAPTER XI.

A PART TO PLAY.

Gray clouds had blotted out the pleasant sunshine, and it was a cheerless landscape upon which Phyllis Hawthorne looked as she paced wearily back and forth along the wide, upper piazza, in the early morning of a day two weeks after her mother's burial.

She had quite recovered her usual health, her father thought, and so had dismissed her physician, though she had not yet recovered her usual color, and her eye still shone with a lustre that was unnatural.

"It's beyond my understanding," said one of the old servants to the new housekeeper who had just been engaged. "I thought she would have been in her bed yet, from the terrible way she went on when her mother died. But, bless your heart, young folks can't mourn like us old ones, and it's good they can't."

"She's got the heart of an angel, and that's just what she is!" burst forth Polly, who was always, when her work was done, lurking in sight of her young mistress. "The trouble has made her strong to bear anything, it seems to me, and I'm afeard there's more afore her."

"What trouble should there be?" asked the housekeeper. "She has got her father left, and I'm sure he would give her anything she asked for."

"I don't know," said Polly, doubtfully. "It seems to me she don't see much of him nowadays; that other one is always in the way, and I believe she hates Miss Phyllis!"

"Hush!" her two listeners replied, in a breath. "It's a sin to say such things of such a beautiful young lady!"

"I don't know if it be a sin or not," retorted Polly, doggedly, "but I do know the foreign young woman is stealing her own father's heart from Miss Phyllis, and it's no wonder she's like to lose her wits with the goings on."

"Who says she is like to lose her wits, you silly child?"

"Her," Polly replied, with a keen look and nod of her head. "I heard her tell the master at the table last night, when Miss Phyllis refused the cold meat she passed her and went so suddenly away from the table, that she was afeared her mind was 'fected. That for her 'pinion!" she added, snapping her fingers in the air.

"Oh, well, the Lord only knows what will happen to all of us!" said the housekeeper, rolling her eyes up piously, and turning away; "and it doesn't become you, child, to find fault with your betters."

"Yes, the Lord only does know things," repeated Polly, in a whisper; "but I reckon he gives us eyes to spy out things, if we can, and I ain't a going to shut mine yet a while."

Phyllis' face was turned again toward the road, as if looking and longing for the approach of some one she could not yet see, and she failed to see the wistful look with which her faithful little maid regarded her.

"Maybe I can comfort her some time, if I *be* only poor Polly," she whispered to herself. "The Lord knows I'd forget I ever was happy, for the joy of making her as happy as she used to be."

And catching sight just then of the "foreign young lady," as she delighted to call her, coming down the stairs, she ran and hid herself.

For Felicie had a fashion of calling upon her to perform numerous unnecessary services for her, which habit Polly resented.

Just then, however, Felicie Montcontour was bent on quite another errand, and if she saw Polly's flying skirts, she did not give the matter a second thought.

She had just heard from Mr. Hawthorne that Darley Gifford was on his way to see Phyllis, and if she would succeed in the part she had to play, she knew it was necessary that she should see Dr. Matthews at once.

A slight nervous headache gave her a sufficient excuse for calling at his office, which she resolved to do before Mr. Hawthorne should suspect her intention and offer to accompany her.

She drew her veil closer over her face, and walking hastily down the long avenue, unseen by any one but Phyllis herself, she opened the gate and was quickly on the road leading to the doctor's house.

Dr. Matthews had been absent since an early hour, visiting his numerous patients, and had but just returned, when he saw Miss Montcontour stop at his gate.

He had been pleased, as strangers almost always were, with the faultless face and manner of the young lady, and he had been specially attracted toward her by the apparent kindness of her behavior to Phyllis during her short illness; for Phyllis was a great favorite with the old doctor, and whoever was kind to her was sure of his sympathy in any trouble of their own.

Perhaps Miss Montcontour had guessed something of this, or guessed it from the first words he said.

He had not waited for her to knock, but opened the door as her foot was on the lower step.

"Good morning, my dear young lady. I trust it is not illness that brings you this morning."

"Nothing very serious," she returned, smiling. "Indeed it was so small a thing that I hesitated to trouble any one else, and so came myself for some of your wonderful powders."

"Is it for yourself you wish the medicine, or for Miss Phyllis?"

"For myself. Phyllis seems quite well now, but I have had a nervous headache for a few days, and as I am a real coward when there is any question of pain to be borne, I have come to you to be cured."

And she lifted her dark eyes to his face, and bestowed upon him one of her most bewitching smiles.

"It is not much wonder," he returned, gratified at the pleasant compliment paid to his skill; "you have had too much care and anxiety lately. You probably need rest more than you need medicine. However, you shall have a little powder, too, that is sweet and will not hurt you."

"Thank you. I feel better already for the promise."

"Ah, you flatter an old man's vanity, my dear. The cure has been the long walk you have taken in the fresh air."

He turned to his desk to prepare the powder he had promised her. But suddenly she interrupted him, laying her very white hand on his arm.

"I have just thought——" she began.

"Of what?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"It is not exactly my business, but—in fact, Mr. Hawthorne has told me this morning that Mr. Gifford, who is I believe a partner of yours, is on his way home, and—and I think it would be pleasanter for both Phyllis and himself, if you should see the young gentleman first, and give him the particulars of Mrs. Hawthorne's death. Of course, no one can do this better than yourself, and it would certainly save them both some pain, if he were made aware of all the circumstances before he meets them."

"Certainly. I appreciate your kind motive, and understand your generosity of feeling. I will do all that you wish."

"I was sure you would. And now, if you have the medicine ready, I will return at once. Phyllis may miss me and be lonely. I suppose," she added, pausing at the door, "that Mr. Gifford will reach here some time to-morrow."

"To-morrow morning, or to-night. But it will all be right. Don't fret too much over the troubles of your friends—though I don't suppose you can help it—but try and rest for the next three days, at least."

"I will try, at least, to be obedient."

"Well, we must be satisfied, I suppose, with that. But that brilliant color in your cheeks warns me. Be careful, or you will take my little Phyllis' place on the sick list; and you must keep up to keep her up."

She nodded her head, and ran down the steps; but there was a look, not meant to be seen, on her face under the folds of her veil.

CHAPTER XII.

AS FAST AS LOVE COULD SPEED HIM.

Two men had shaken hands and parted, in front of Hawthorne's house. One—good, kind-hearted Doctor Matthews to go back to his dull office, and be glad that he had been in time to keep his promise, and tell Darley of the circumstances of Mrs. Hawthorne's death; the other, Darley Gifford himself, to open the gate, go up the long avenue with marvellous strides, and ring the bell with wild impatience.

Had not his darling been in trouble—sore trouble—for two weary weeks, and he had not been near to comfort her.

His ring was answered by Polly herself, looking so brisk and bright, as to induce the suspicion that she had been watching for this visitor; and without a word, she led him straight upstairs to a

little sitting-room which had been a favorite retirement with her mother, and which Phyllis had now laid claim to, with no opposition.

Mr. Hawthorne shunned his wife's rooms, and Felicie, when she was out of her own room, did not venture beyond the lower floor.

And Phyllis was sitting there alone, with her cheek against the window-pane, wondering if life would always look so cheerless, when the door opened and Polly put her merry face in and whispered:

"He's come!"

And then she had darted away, and someone else was in the room, and was holding her very close to his fast-throbbing heart, and between the warm kisses showered on brow and cheek and lip, was saying softly:

"My darling! Oh, my darling!"

Phyllis clung to her lover, weeping softly, while the tumult at her heart made her faint.

"My darling," he said, again, seating himself beside her on the sofa. "I will not speak to you now of your dear mother, whose loss I know you must truly mourn, only to assure you how gladly, had it been possible, I would have been with you in your first grief. But I was off from the line of railroad or telegraph, and it was only day before yesterday that I received the news."

"I knew it, Darley," she said, wiping away her tears. "I was sure you would have come to me if you had but known."

"Be comforted, my darling, for I will never leave you again."

Phyllis started suddenly, for she had forgotten, until that moment, something that her father had told her that very morning.

"But I must leave you," she said, mournfully.

"Leave me!" her lover exclaimed in amazement.

"You must help me to submit to what cannot be helped," she said, sadly. "Papa has scarcely seemed himself since—since mamma died, and he thinks it will be wise to shut up the house and go abroad for a year to try a new atmosphere."

"And you can be willing to go and leave me, my little Phyllis?"

"Don't make it any harder for me, Darley! You know where my heart will be; and yet, ought I not feel for papa, too? I could not send him away alone, neither could I stay alone here."

"But you would have your housekeeper and the servants, and a dozen friends, beside myself, to watch over your welfare. And—where is your father's ward—Miss Moncontour—going?"

"She will go with us to France, papa says. I suppose when we get there he will put her under the care of some of her own friends," Phyllis replied, indifferently. "I don't care what becomes of her," she added, her cheeks glowing with warm color, "if she only goes away from us."

"Then you are no more in love with her than when I went away?" he asked, smiling, as he touched her flushed cheeks with his finger. "These cheeks are telltales, darling."

"It isn't that, Darley," she began eagerly. "I was perhaps a little unjust to her in those first days, for I thought she took too much of papa's attention, and that it made mamma unhappy; but she hardly speaks to him now, and I believe that all the time she has been engaged to her cousin, Gustave Feder."

"Is he another of your visitors, Phyllis?"

"No—yes—at least he came to see Felicie, but stayed only one day. She seemed very sad when he went way, and I thought of you, Darley, and pitied her. But I shall pity her yet more if she really marries her cousin," she added, her eyes dilating, "for only to think of him makes me half mad."

"Phyllis," her lover said, gravely, "has your great grief then really affected you thus? You must not be fanciful, darling; look up, and be my own brave, bright little girl again."

She looked up suddenly, and saw that he was watching her, with mingled perplexity and anxiety, and the consciousness of that fact troubled her more than she would have confessed.

"Who has told you?" she asked, quickly, her lips trembling with emotion.

"I saw Dr. Matthews an hour ago," he replied, "and he told me the circumstances of your dear mother's death, and of your illness, too."

"Did he tell you *everything*, Darley?"

"Everything," he said, gravely. "He said you woke and found her dead, and it upset your brain for a little while. Only for a little while, dear Phyllis; but that even in that short time you took queer fancies into your mind, which, if you had harbored long, would have made you insane."

"Oh, Darley," she said, with a great sigh, burying her face on his shoulder, "if I could but be sure it was only a fancy!"

"What!" Darley Gifford exclaimed, abruptly, "you don't still cling to such a monstrous conclusion?"

"And if I do?" she asked, without looking up.

"Whose face did you think you saw in the glass?" he asked, without heeding her question.

She was silent a moment, and it almost seemed to her that she could hear the beating of their two hearts.

Then she looked up into her lover's face.

"*I thought*," she said, slowly, "*that it was the face of Felicie's cousin, Gustave Feder!*"

"And did you tell Miss Montcontour of your horrible suspicions—for I confess they do seem horrible to me, Phyllis?"

"No," she said. "If my fancies were more than fancies, can't you see, Darley, that Felicie Montcontour would be the last person in the world to whom I would confide them? And if they *were* only vagaries of my own troubled mind, I should choose still less to tell her."

Darley Gifford had known and loved Phyllis Hawthorne half her life; at times he had thought her only a little lower than the good angels; and at others, only a woman with a woman's faults and follies; but he had never been so nearly vexed with her as then, in the hour of her sorest need.

But he looked down at the dear face, resting now on his arm; he saw all the grace and beauty which had first conspired to make him love her, and he relented.

She had drawn the folds of her black shawl about her, hiding the white ruffle which she still wore at her neck, and out of the sombre drapery her sweet face shone like a star.

Darley Gifford leaned down and kissed her tenderly.

Certainly he hoped she would not be so foolish as to indulge such wild thoughts; but, all the same, he loved her, and he could not afford to seem ungracious and so risk wounding her faithful heart.

"I had hoped, darling," he said, holding her close to him, as he said it, "that there would be no need of this long separation; it is hard for me to consent to it. If you were once my wife, I would not let anything trouble you."

"And I would not be so selfish as to come to you, Darley, unless I could bring you a happy heart and a cheerful face. You should never share my bad moods, dearest!"

"Do not say that, Phyllis! I trust you have already passed the dreariest hours of your life; but in this coming year, while fate decrees a cruel separation, if any evil befalls you, or unexpected sorrow crosses your path, promise to let me know it, and I will come as fast as love can speed me. Trust me, Phyllis, and make me this promise."

The answer was spoken under her breath, but he was satisfied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

(This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXV.

VENGEANCE.

Yes, it was Templemore. Leo could not have the faintest doubt that it was he who thus unexpectedly, as if he had risen out of the earth, stood before her. Templemore in the flesh, and not as a visitant from the land of shadows. Templemore, her husband—a living man, and no spectre.

Paralyzed as she, no doubt, would have been with terror had he been a phantom, she might have shrieked with horror and have even swooned outright, but she would have recovered her senses, her strength, her equanimity, especially the latter, in the assurance that he could not vex and obtrude himself upon her any more in this world. But here he was, a breathing, bodily creature, a tangible being, not to be disposed of by shutting him out of sight with closed eyelids, a living man, with the intention and what was yet more dangerous, with the power to injure her.

She did not shriek nor swoon, although startled almost out of her senses; but her quick brain enabled her to realize her situation, though not to foreshadow what was about to happen.

If she could have grasped that, she would have gone through the interview, whatever she might have felt, with outward self-possession; but as she found it impossible to leap to the determination he had formed in reference to her, she impulsively moved towards the bell to summon assistance, no matter what the immediate risk.

He stayed her with an imperious exclamation, and held up the key of the door to her, which he then placed in his vest.

"Be seated," he said, in a low, clear, decided tone; "I am here to have a quiet conference with you. Arouse the hotel—for you will have to do that to get that door open—and I do not leave you until I see you in the presence of a magistrate, on a charge of—*bigamy!* Sit down, woman, and listen!"

Leo's passionate, rebellious nature knew not how to brook this insulting and contemptuous style of addressing her. It was nothing that she had iniquitously wronged him—it was everything that he should address her as a creature of the lower orders, criminally arraigned before him.

Her fiery, indignant eyes traveled round the room as though she asked herself, "Are there no bolts but what serve for thunder?" But she started and half screamed as he cried, in a louder, sterner voice:

"Sit down!"

She bit her nether lip, compressed her fingers tightly in her arms, so that her arms quivered; but she cowered beneath his terrible set stare, and sank on to a chair.

When she had done this he advanced a pace or two nearer to her, and crossing his arms over his body, he raised his right hand to his chin, and for a moment contemplated her in moody silence.

As he surveyed her handsome face, her graceful form, a strange expression of pain—of acute anguish—passed over his features; and more like a cry from the depths of a broken heart than an uttered word, he said:

"Leo!"

She started slightly and shivered, but her brow was contracted, her lips—how red and cruel now they looked—had a sullen prominence, and there was a gloomy look in her large, subtle eyes, as she upraised them to him.

"Call me still woman," she said, in low, but firm tones. "It comes so readily from you. I would rather, too, hear it from your lips as meaning me than any other name, diminutive or otherwise."

His brow fell lower than ever.

"It is too lenient a word to describe you," he returned, grimly; "but it must do, for I cannot find another that justly fits your iniquity."

"Or the loathing with which I have inspired you," she rejoined, making a desperate effort to recover her self-possession.

"And which you know yourself to have fully earned," he answered, with a savage grating of the teeth.

She waved her hand impatiently.

"I know nothing of the kind," she responded, quickly. "I know how I have acted, and what were my motives. You do not. I may recall to your memory that during the early days of our—acquaintance——"

A hiss burst from his lips. She did not heed it, but went on.

"You were great on ethics, you were always arguing on the value of motives. You insisted that the world was too apt to judge unjustly or harshly of outside actions without regarding the internal considerations, and when, instinctively, I demurred to a clandestine union with you, you enforced upon my acceptance the doctrine that the end justified the means. You see, your scornful contumely, in the face of your own principles, may prove to be both a gratuitous and a premature emotion."

He stared blankly at her for a moment, as if she were discoursing to him in an unknown tongue, and then, controlling his rage, but speaking with trembling lips, he returned:

"We will leave motives for subsequent discussion, and confine ourselves to facts and results. A hostile fate threw me in your path at a moment when you sorely needed a friend who could advise, guide, protect, and furnish you with money—let me not omit that——"

"Pray do not; it is so noble a spirit which summons up that bitter recollection," she interposed, caustically.

"I repeat, supplied you with money," he proceeded, sternly, "for that consideration alone, if you had remembered at what vital cost to me it was obtained, should have at least raised up within you an emotion of common gratitude."

"The most repulsive of all the virtues," she said, sarcastically. "I hate the very name of gratitude. Besides, I have since come to know the meaning and the value of sums of money; so I apprehend must you, and I fancy, if your blushing days have not past, you must crimson when you think what princely amounts you gave to your—wife. Take my advice in what further you have to say: leave the money part of the question out."

Templemore gazed steadfastly at her. He did not rage or fume as he listened to her sentiments, uttered, it seemed, in sheer hardihood; but his brow darkened, his features assumed a greater rigidity and his voice a harsher grating.

"It is not my intention to leave anything out," he replied, decisively. "I came here to speak with you of the past, the present, and the future."

"I will spare you the trouble by myself expounding the three," she interrupted, with an affectation of impatience. "Do you remember what passed between us the last time we met?"

"Perfectly well."

"Does not that answer for the first?"

"No; it was a covert lie from beginning to end. Our past was this: We met, I saw, and, I thought, I conquered. I was simply then uninstructed in the ways of women—a credulous idiot."

A shrill, mocking laugh escaped her lips. It seemed to cross his chest as if it were a lash of red-hot wire; but he gave no sign.

"I believed you little more than a child, to be as innocent as a seraph in the Garden of Paradise, and I treated you as such. Unknowing that you had forgotten, in the ways of coquetry, flirtation, allurement, more than many a grown woman ever learns, I treated you with a respect and veneration to which unspotted innocence is alone entitled, and to which even then you had claim. I met your ardent suggestions as girlish triflings, spoken in ignorance, your professions of a love regardless of all but a responsive love as the sincere utterances of a pure, unselfish heart. I loved you too dearly, too truly, too honorably to have wronged you, and I married you, in answer to your passionate urgings, when my common sense—alas, too little exercised in such matters—told me that I was entering blindly into an insane contract without the means of carrying it out properly in the eyes of the world. What I did was done out of a pure, high, honorable impulse in the interests of your maiden purity. I had not one unworthy thought in my boundless passion for you. I had not one doubt of your sincerity, your innocence—the unqualified, unalloyed love you professed for me. No, not even up to the last moment, when your unsparing, relentless, murderous hand smote me down."

"What! Smote you down? What do you mean?"

"Shameless wretch! Do you mean to deny that you did not inflict on me a wound with a lancet whose point was envenomed?"

"You are speaking enigmas, man," she answered, as if in irrepressible indignation.

He tossed his hands in the air, and paced the room in a whirl of rage and amazement.

"Do you deny that you attempted to, and thought that you had murdered me?" he almost shouted, "knowingly, willfully, deliberately, with the intent to ally yourself to the inane wretch who lies prostrate in yonder chamber."

She uprose to her feet, confronted him, and with glowing eyes rejoined:

"If I were a man I would cut you to the earth for that most infamous lie!"

He looked at her for a moment amazedly. Then he laughed.

"To think," he ejaculated, "that I, even I, should not yet have been able to grasp her character."

He champed his teeth together, and tried to moisten his dry lips with his parched tongue. He produced a paper.

"Do you deny that you are my wife; and will assert that this copy of a marriage certificate is a forgery?"

"I am your wife," she said, slowly, and in a scarcely audible tone.

"And the mother of my boy?"

Her throat swelled, and her chest heaved palpably. In a tone of repugnance, which could scarcely be described, she said:

"Leave that blot upon the history of—our loves—out. I have forgotten, and never mean to acknowledge or remember it again."

"Inhuman wretch!" he gasped. Drawing a deep breath, he proceeded: "Well, we will leave the episode of the attempted murder and the boy for the present out of the discussion; but we must return to that communion between us before you left England for the sunny climes of Italy. Will it please you to remember that you sought me that night with a definite object?"

"I do remember it."

"What was it?"

"Forgetfulness on both sides," she answered, with a curling lip, expressive of defiant scorn and disdain, "I was anxious to exchange a marriage state, at which a housemaid would have turned up her nose, for one to which my personal attractions and accomplishments commanded and entitled me—one out of which you had tricked me. I had never loved you—I hated you then. It was a mere piece of wise counsel I tendered you; you demurred, and you accepted the consequences."

He recoiled from her, and in his throat he muttered:

"Fool, that ten years of railing and blaming should not yet have hardened me!"

He pressed his fingers for a moment upon his throat, and said:

"A position which no thought of your child—no reflection of the blush of shame you might bring to his brow—deterred you from taking."

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, with a derisive laugh. "He—the brat! I thought not of him for an instant. What was he to me? I loathed you. What love, what thought, what care, do you think I had for that wretched proof of my short-sighted idiocy? Name him not to me; I have done with him forever."

"No," he exclaimed, sharply, and with a suggestive curl of his lip; "by no means forever. Oh, no!"

She swung round to him with an infuriated aspect.

"What is the real object of your visit here?" she demanded, fiercely, "sneaking into my privacy secretly? Have you come to betray, expose me as a runaway wife—to bestow upon your crew of racing, swindling companions the right to point their dirty, mocking fingers at you; to jeer, to scoff at the jilted husband? Is that your purpose? It is the worst you can do to injure me. Do it—do it, I say—at your peril, but do it like one who has the common spirit of a man. Throw wide yonder door—blazon to the open-eared and yet more open-mouthed tenants of this building the infamy of your absconding wife and your own shame. I care not—I fear nothing. I will face it, and tell my story against yours. With the credulous—and they are plentiful on the side of a beautiful woman—my weight of credit will outbalance yours. Do it, I say, or I will take the initiative. I will break yonder bell down, shriek for help, and swear—what you may dread to hear. Accept the alternative, or leave me in peace forever."

At first he appeared dazed by the attitude she had, with electrifying effrontery, assumed; but gradually his astoundment disappeared. He became frigid, and when she had concluded he was stone calm.

He fastened his pitiless, freezing eyes upon her.

"Remember!" he exclaimed, slowly; "you have shamelessly confessed to acts of deliberate iniquity. You hesitated not, when you found the means to your hand, to seek to compass your ends by murder."

"It is false!" she interposed, with a screech. "I had been beguiled, weak fool that I was, into a momentary display of tenderness; and an accident——"

"Hold!" he cried, fiercely. "You sicken me by piling sin upon sin on your own head. Woman! you were warned that the point of the lancet was envenomed with the deadliest poison known, and you the second time, knowingly, thoughtfully, secretly possessed yourself of it. But for an antidote I had already taken to prevent the fatal consequences of an accident, I had not been here to face you now. Silence; I will not hear your lying attempts at exculpation. I bid you only listen to and heed me while I reveal to you why I present myself to you thus, and what I purpose doing and purpose that you should do."

She laughed scornfully.

"My plans were laid and perfected before yours," she returned defiantly. "I am independent of—of the man Harcourt, of you—of any living creature—of the world—of fate itself. I shall do what *I* purpose—not what you may have designed for me."

"We shall see," he rejoined, in an inflexible tone. "I do not profess to cope with fate—I acknowledge its powers—yet what I have devised I shall endeavor to carry out."

"What is that?" she demanded, eagerly, yet contemptuously.

"Vengeance," he replied, emphatically.

"I dare, defy it," she answered, in the same bold, reckless tone.

"I know it," he responded, quietly; "but you cannot escape it. To accomplish that one object of my life I shall not begin by denouncing or arraigning you, but by making you feel that I have a power over you from which, by any device, however cunning, by any artifice or stratagem, however crafty or subtle, or even recklessly audacious, you cannot emancipate yourself. First for your plans. Harcourt won from me with dice the sum of fifty thousand pounds—won it for a brief term, for my turn to recover it will shortly occur. That sum, paid in one check, was placed in your custody by Admiral Hardcastle last night. This morning you took it to a bank, the manager of which you employed to get it cashed at my bankers. When he presented it, I was in the bank parlor into which he was invited. He is a creature who talks. He was enraptured with your beauty and condescension, and the calf was quite entertaining about them. From the moment of his return to you with the proceeds of the check in Bank of England notes until you quitted the stockbroker's office in the city I did not lose sight of you. By the co-operation of fate you employed my stockbroker, who has furnished me with a list of the securities you have purchased, and which will yield an income of nearly three thousand per annum. I have seen them in your possession, and I witnessed you carefully lock them up in yonder davenport, where you will suffer them to remain. Any attempt made by you to deal with them will be followed by a charge of embezzlement."

"Bah!"

"No. You see you are not Harcourt Eliot's wife. You received that check for another person and appropriated its proceeds to your own use. In plain terms your securities have been bought with stolen money, and an estoppel will be lodged against the payment of any dividends upon them, followed by proceedings against whoever applies for them. You see, therefore, your independence of the man Harcourt—as I will still call him—of me, the world, fate itself is a myth."

She listened, and staggered as if she would have fallen; but as some thought seemed to flash through her mind she as quickly recovered herself, and said, with a soundless snap of finger and thumb:

"You have wasted your trouble—you who were always so clever. Why—the man—Harcourt—made me—a present of it. Even you—you—the man Templemore—parted with your rights in it by desiring—by stipulating that the fool Harcourt should present me with some trinkets of its value to wear about my neck in—in—a—ha! ha!—in remembrance of *you*—ha! ha! ha!—you see I took it in cash. Oh, but this is too absurd! Why, next, I suppose, I shall see you at my feet urging me to return—if erring and a little repentant—to your bosom. Take my advice, Templemore, unlock that door, go about your business of Turf chicanery, and forget that I ever lived."

He preserved his rigid demeanor while she spoke, and as with a self-possession which appeared incomprehensible she pointed to the door, he raised up one hand to restrain further speech.

"I am glad that we have had this explanation," he said, unable to repress a quivering of his upper lip. "I once loved you to idolatry. You were to me one entire and perfect crysolite. To have suggested that your nature was capable of even an approach to what I know you to have been guilty of would have seemed to me the very wildest fabrications of madness. Had you upon your last visit to me have entreated me to sacrifice my life to ensure your happiness, I would have plunged that lancet in an artery with loving joy. You—you alone have taught me what a miserable, weak, credulous fool I should have been. When I resolved to meet you face to face to-day I found pleadings, excuses, suggestion in mitigation of your deep offences tugging at my heartstrings, I even thought of the boy—our boy."

She uttered a snarl of execration.

"I thank you for that," he proceeded, more grimly still; "and I have now a heart of adamant. I shall deal with you as I have for years intended—punish you; but give you ample time to contemplate the evil you have wrought."

"Pah!" she exclaimed again, passionately.

"Tame you down to reflect with horror on the past, and wish each waking hour you pass with aching brain and enforced privacy that you were—in dread of the awful future—annihilated. My account with Harcourt I will settle with him—alone! As I settle mine with you alone—thus."

Before she could conceive any suspicion of his design, he stepped with a sudden dash up to her and gripped her by the left arm.

"Unhand me, ruffian," she cried, loudly, as she flung him off. "Coward, you have lacerated my arm," she gasped, as, brushing the place where he had seized her with her handkerchief, she saw fresh blood stains on it.

"Ay!" he cried, showing his white teeth, and bending his livid face close to hers; "as you lacerated my neck; do you remember?"

"Great heaven!" she gasped, and pressed her hands on her temples. Then on her heart. She panted and breathed stertorously, passed her hands over her face, and murmured, "Cold—cold—as—death!"

And as the word left her lips she sank lifeless on the carpet.

"Not death!" he muttered, "or my vengeance is cheated of half its due."

He raised her up, bore her to a couch, and laid her on it. With a small instrument he forced her teeth apart, and poured a liquid from a small vial down her throat.

Then he sat by her couch and waited. One, two, three hours she remained motionless. At the close of the fourth, when the shades of night were descending, a prolonged moan escaped from her lips, and she moved uneasily to and fro.

He rose up.

"The first act of my vengeance has been performed—the second is for Harcourt. The third—tush! chaos."

As he concluded he applied the key he had taken possession of to the lock, opened the door, went out, closed it after him, and finding the corridor empty stole noiselessly away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE TRACK AGAIN.

The wanderings of Mary Lavender in search of young Vivian, or, as she had nicknamed him, Leo, were brought to an abrupt termination by a letter from Templemore himself, informing her that he had taken repossession of his son, and requesting her to apply to Messrs. Bonecrack & Thumbscrew, Thavies-inn, his solicitors, who would examine her claim against him for the boy's rearing, support, clothing, etc., and upon its being considered satisfactory they were instructed to pay it.

At the same time came a letter from the authorities of the savings bank in which she had deposited the hundred pound note given to her by Leo, stating that payment of it had been stopped at the Bank of England, where it was detained, and she was referred for an explanation to the person from whom she had received it.

The spokes in her wheel of fortune had come uppermost with a vengeance. At first she was stunned, and she howled at and anathematized her fate.

In her rage and excitement she tossed herself about, screeched, tore her hair, her flesh, and would have rent her clothes had not her father interposed.

When she had recovered a little from the effects of her paroxysm of infuriated frenzy, she took the first train to London, proceeded with unfaltering haste to the Cavendish, and sought stealthily to make her way to the boudoir of Leo.

But she was detected and summarily stopped. In answer to her object in being there, she was informed the lady was dangerously ill, and could not be seen.

She demanded her little girl back, that she might take her away with her.

Nothing was known of a little girl; but, as she persisted, and grew tumultuous, she found herself in the open street, in the strong hands of a stalwart policeman, who was guiding her in the opposite direction to the hotel, and counseling her to retire to the unknown locality wherein she dwelt, or he would promptly introduce her to the notice and consideration of the inspector at the station-house, which was not far distant.

There was a grim practicability about this man which made her believe in the discretion of adopting his advice, and she returned to Tattenham rather more discomfited than when she started.

Never was wily, designing woman more completely baffled in the very hour of a supposed triumph—never was engineer hoisted higher by his own petard at the instant he imagined himself about to scatter the enemy as a duck-gun does a charge of small shot.

To add to her dismay and confusion Shaphat Twopenny stealthily appeared at her cottage with a bandaged head, and cautioned her against his wife. Somebody had "pisoned" her mind, he said, about the disinterested character of their "plutonic" friendship, and she had been striving to urge him to confess his unfaithfulness by the persuasions of the knotted hawthorn copperstick.

She somehow associated the disappearance of Giftie with secret meetings which some "anonermous, filthy scum" had informed her had taken place between them, and she had used her right arm and the stick to induce him to unfold his backslidings, and what had become of the poor child.

He vowed to Mary Lavender that he had let nothing drop—indeed, he knew that he would only make his own position worse by doing it—and he begged her to take no notice, but to treat the imputations against her prudence, no matter what might really be his secret yearnings towards her, with "akeyorn."

Thus, to add to all the rest, her reputation for virtue had been slandered away, her character, which she had made so many sacrifices to maintain untarnished, was blackened and stained, and she had secured nothing tangible in the way of material benefit by her machinations and departure from the straight and narrow path of integrity in order to become independent.

It was a crowning point when Shaphat ventured to admit that she had created a yearning in his inmost soul for her, as though it would command her favorable consideration. This insult at once urged her to make short work with him.

She demanded back the bribe she had given him to permit her to have access to and to remove Giftie, and the blow struck him home.

He scouted the notion, and said the "pepposition made his back open and shut like a jack-knife."

But she only said:

"My money back."

In vain he resisted indignantly, derisively, entreatingly, tearfully.

She only said, as she threw on her bonnet and shawl:

"I will go to your wife, and will tell her all—yes, you villain!—that you have dared to make love to me, you sneaking, crawling, paltry hypocrite. You! I would sooner take up with a racing tout than a lurching mongrel like you."

"Over my dead corpse," he gasped, hysterically, as he threw himself in her way. "Oh, Mrs. Lavender, it was only my fun. I do make such a donkey of myself when I'm playful. Here's your money. Why, bless you, my good creechure, I came here a purpose to bring it you back. You thought I was in earnest when I took it, didn't you? How I did deceive you! Ha! ha!"

He brought forth, with his eyes suffused with tears, a dirty leather bag bulging with money, and with a kind of St. Vitus' twitchings, sweating as well at every pore, he paid her over, coin for coin, all he had received from her.

She took it and stowed it away in sullen silence. Then she claimed one sovereign interest.

Her poor old father, under the admonitions of his own whip in her hand, did not skate, twirl, glissade, jump and appear more actively busy than Shaphat did at this totally unexpected requisition.

To no purpose. She held out her hand, and recalled to his recollection his confession of possessing "a yearning." Then he shelled out, paying up like one who had done with life.

So the very next instant it seemed to him that he had, for the door of the cottage was abruptly thrust open, and he beheld, looking like one of the fates, standing in the sunlight, the form of his wife, Faith Twopenny.

From her rear there issued a boy's voice, crying:

"There you are. I told you so. Wire in and spoil their little game."

Shaphat felt as if his bones had been whipped by magic out of him, and he must drop to the ground a mere bundle of clothes and jelly; but Mary Lavender uttered a cry of recognition, and regardless of Faith Twopenny's angered looks, rushed to the door and dragged from behind her, kicking and struggling, the boy Leo. She forced him into the cottage, but held him only for a minute. He twisted, twined, wormed and wriggled about with such agility and such strength that he liberated himself.

In a moment he darted at the corner in which were clustered old Tate's unique collection of whips, and seizing a hunting one with a heavy bone crop, he raised it above his shoulder, and warned her to keep her hands off him.

"You are nothing to me now," he cried, with an aspect on his face which reminded her of Leo's years ago when anything enraged her. "I've been told all about that, so don't you lay your mauleys on me. I'm here on a little bit of business that don't concern you. So if you don't want me to make a bonfire of your drum you'll let me be."

"You know me, Leo," was the response, uttered with stern determination. "Now I've got you again I'll not part with you, and I'll beat you to a mummy if you don't mind me."

Faith Twopenny interposed. She caught Lavender by the arm.

"You wicked woman!" she cried, excitedly. "Give me back the child you have kidnapped from me."

Mary Lavender turned fiercely to her.

"By what right do you bring such a charge against me?" she demanded, boldly.

"It won't do, mammy," cried Leo, moving quickly round and confronting her. "Why, I saw you do it."

"Do what?" she cried, showing her teeth viciously. "Do what, you base born imp?"

"You lie, mam!" screamed Leo, stamping his foot passionately, and speaking with tears in his eyes. "Better born than you, fifty to one. I've not got a bluebag-wisened, humpbacked, monkey-mugged, bow-legged chump like your father for mine. He is a good brod 'un. He is——"

"Fool," interrupted Mary Lavender, showing her teeth viciously; "you don't know what you are talking about. A time will come when the name of father will make you bite your tongue in shame."

The boy, who looked pale and haggard, and dusty and worn, became very white as she uttered her words in a tone of scoffing contempt.

His eyes glared with fury, his lip quivered, and he trembled in every limb. He contracted his brows as he regarded her with a demoniac look, and he said:

"God made me, that's all I know at present. You told me that many times, and said it was enough for me to know; but I will know more by and by, and soon, for I've found a sister, and it won't be long before I have father and mother, too. Then I'll make you eat your words with a red-hot toasting-fork. My day must come, then look out. Now, where's the little girl, Giftie? I saw you and old Tubthumper Twopenny, who sneaked out just this moment, come into Mrs. Twopenny's cottage. I saw you give Tubthumper some money, and by and by I saw you go with the girl to the station. Her eyes were red, and I knew you had been making her cry. I was going to give you a flint stone in the back, and ask you what you meant by it, when I was laid hold of and carried off myself."

"By whom?" asked Lavender, eagerly.

"Never mind. Where's Giftie?" returned Leo, promptly.

"Woman, whither have you taken the

child entrusted to my charge?" exclaimed Faith Twopenny, almost vehemently. "Answer, for you see we have brought home her abduction to you."

Mary Lavender swung round to her, and, with a smile of effrontery, replied:

"If you have, what then? Suppose that I have returned her to the arms of her long mourning mother, from whom she was stolen years ago?"

Faith uttered a cry of astonishment.

"Why, you wretched creature," she rejoined, with disgust, "a more base fabrication I never heard. The mother from whom she was taken years ago is at this very moment in Tattenham."

Mary Lavender look at her as if her ears had deceived her. She knew Faith Twopenny's character for uprightness, and she did not for an instant doubt her statement. She also knew that Lao was not the mother of Giftie, if she was of Leo; but what were the relations between Harcourt and this mother who had newly arrived in Tattenham? The mystery in which the relations of the four people were steeped was bewildering; but only of interest to her in the way of what she could make by it.

The piece of information she now received was unlooked for and startling, but at the same time was not to be discarded without testing what it might be worth to her.

She turned to her angry visitor, and in an offhand, careless, and yet very decided way, replied:

"Oh the true mother, eh? I suppose you know her, and the true father too? Ah, I see you do, but you have not been mixed up in their affairs as I have. You do not know what I know. You perhaps would be a little shocked if I were to tell you that the mother of that imp there and the father of the girl you are in search of are man and wife, and—but why talk to you? Take me to the mother of the girl who has left you. I can tell her something about her—about other matters concerning her she would like to know. First, however, I do not give something for nothing—my day has gone by for that. I must be paid well, or I do not let out a word."

Faith Twopenny was staggered at this, but she was sure this woman had spirited Giftie away, and she thought it would be the best to temporize. The gentleman who accompanied the lady was a determined, resolute person, and no doubt when he got hold of Mary Lavender he would compel her to tell all she knew, so she responded:

"How can I trust you after what you have already done? Yet, if——"

Mary Lavender interrupted her with a scornful laugh.

"You!" she ejaculated, with a curling lip. "You, I do not ask you. It is your betters I have to do with. Take me at my word—yes or no, at once—or find out as much or little as you can—as best you can."

"Well, you'll have to tell what you've done with the little Gift from Heaven, I can tell you, mum Lavender," exclaimed Leo, suddenly and savagely, for there was a vindictive glitter in his large dark eyes, and a cruel expression upon his thin red lips. "And you had better give the straight tip, too, and soon, if you wouldn't have me about your hutch up to a little mischief that will give your old man the scare, and make you wish you hadn't forced me to be awkward. You know, mam, I'm very nasty when I'm awkward, and if that pretty little filly, who I know is my own—but never mind about that. I say, if you don't hand her over, or tell us where to drop upon her—look out! You know, mam, what I mean by that. So, trot on, mam, with Mrs. Twopenny, and tell all, or I'll make Tattenham so hot for you you'll want to jump into a lake of burning brimstone to cool yourself."

As he concluded he made a nimble dart to the door and scoured away, for he read in Mary Lavender's eye that it was her intention to pounce on him and make a prisoner of him, in hopes of obtaining something by giving him up to his father.

He was gone before she could make a movement to arrest him, and then, with a dogged, sullen manner, she donned her bonnet and shawl, and following the lead of Mrs. Twopenny, who exhibited anything but a friendly familiarity, proceeded to the hotel where the disconsolate Floye and her faithful friend were yet, hoping against hope, staying.

Mary Lavender's story, as she chose to tell it, was not very satisfactory to Floye or to Reginald, and it failed to reap her the reward she had calculated upon. Indeed, mixed up as it was with Lao and a mysterious boy, who was—"she could reveal if she pleased"—and such like hints and insinuations—it was almost incomprehensible to Floye and Reginald, who were quite satisfied with the one fact that Giftie had been conducted to the Cavendish, and consigned to the custody of Lao, and left with her.

So Mary Lavender was dismissed with intangible promises, and preparations were made for an immediate return to London, and the storming of the Cavendish by Reginald.

"If I come away without her this time, Floye," he said rubbing his hands enthusiastically, "you send me away to the Arctic regions, and never—never speak to me or think of me more, never!"

And she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and with eyes suffused with glistening tears, responded:

"I would not do that, Regy, not—not for—for—nay, I would die first!"

And as she instantly fled from the room he thrust his right hand into the opening of his vest on the region of his heart, and felt overpoweringly sentimental and brimming over with poetry, for as he looked up at the sky he murmured:

"And, oh! if there be an elysium on earth it is this!—it is this!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUST NOT ALL ALIKE.—We are all of us dust and ashes. True; but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the Phœnix; in others, the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together and are overlooked. It is true we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyenas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of a man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindled with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music by day and night swells along a space commensurate with the vault of heaven.

ONE GENERATION OF MEN WISER THAN ANOTHER.

One day the Caliph Almansor, one of the vainest of the Arabian monarchs, was conversing familiarly with the famous poet Fazelli, with whom he delighted to talk, when retired from the cares of his empire.

"Thou thinkest," said he, to Fazelli, "that I am not wiser than my father? Why is it so? Doth not every succeeding generation add to the wisdom of that which preceded it?"

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than the Prophet?" answered the poet, bowing his head reverentially.

"Assuredly not," answered the Caliph.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Solomon?" asked the poet, bowing still lower.

"Assuredly not," again answered the Caliph.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Moses, who communed with Allah himself?" a third time asked the poet, bowing to the ground.

Almansor was for a moment thoughtful, and held down his head.

"Assuredly not," replied he, at length, "I were foolishly presumptuous to think so."

"Then how," resumed Fazelli, "canst thou prove that each succeeding generation is wiser than another that is past?"

"The aggregate of knowledge is certainly increased," replied the Caliph.

"True, O my king," replied Fazelli; "but knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom points out the road to happiness and virtue; knowledge is only an acquaintance with a mass of facts, which are not necessarily connected with either wisdom, virtue or happiness, the only objects worthy the pursuit of a wise man. The knowledge of things has certainly increased, but, O king! remember that wisdom is always the same; as much so as the Great Power by whom it is dispensed. Thou mayest perhaps know more of the moon, the stars, the earth, and the sea than thy father; but of thy organization, thy soul, thy passions, appetites, the power to direct them, and the Being who bestowed them upon thee, thou knowest no more than the meanest of thy father's slaves."

"Thou sayest true," replied the Caliph, bowing his head reverentially. "Allah, teach me humility."

"Great King," said Fazelli, "lament not thine ignorance. Everything we cannot comprehend furnishes proof of the existence of a Being wiser than ourselves."

MARRIED COUPLES—HOW TO TELL THEM.

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or

If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman lending a helping hand to the lady, who, perhaps, is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy patch; or

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband.

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is, nobody can be at a loss to discover.

If you see an old couple jarring, checking and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed, eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey bubbles floating on vinegar, which are soon overwhelmed by a preponderance of the fluid; they are, to all intents, man and wife—it is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation; they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from everyday experience.

HEART'S EASE.—What contentment can do in its own way, so also can diligence and the unwearied performance of duty. Few things help more towards true heart's ease than keeping the mind employed, and all our duties on the right side of the great day-book of life. No one can have heart's ease whose duties are lying in an unordered mass at his feet, and those things left undone which it is his special business to do. Pleasures are all very delightful while they are going on, but when they are over we have no solid residuum left, save perhaps in the coil created by those duties left unfulfilled, which ought to have been done while we were amusing ourselves, and by the neglect of which we are distressed and others are hindered for days after. And what heart's ease can there be when we are assailed with reproaches from without and full of self-reproaches within, when we have not a smooth inch of rope left for the running, but only a mass of knots and kinks, all made by ourselves, and some of which we can never undo?

UNWILLING BRIDES.—If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect, what to hope? Linked not for a day, but for life, to one with whom she has no sympathy—who is no more than a stranger, save that in law and in fact, but not in soul, he is her husband! Is it not dreadful to contemplate? How much more so to experience! It is natural and it is proper that parents should desire that their daughters should marry well, and it is reasonable that they should prefer for them husbands in comfortable circumstances. But when it comes to the exercise of compulsion in the selection of a husband—to commanding a daughter to relinquish an engagement or an attachment on which her whole soul is fixed, and to marry a man towards whom she feels indifference or dislike—that is a very difficult matter.

HE WHO always receives and never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel and think and care only for himself.

THE past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

THE most important lesson of life is to know how to b happy with ourselves when home is our comfort and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refuse away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

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A Letter from Dr. Frazier.

Believing that cleansing the blood was the only true way of banishing disease, and being troubled with a Scrofulous disease, known as Salt Rheum and Weakness of the Lungs, and finding no cure, I commenced to experiment by compounding roots, using the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered a most wonderful Blood Searcher or Bitters, which not only gave me instantaneous relief, but, after a few weeks' time, effected a perfect cure. I then prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters, and was in the habit of giving them away to the sick. I found the medicine possessed the most wonderful healing virtues, effecting cures of all diseases originating from bad blood or weakness of the system, as if by magic. At last the demand became so great I found myself called upon to supply patients with medicine in all parts of the continent, and I was compelled to establish a Laboratory for compounding and bottling the Root Bitters in large quantities. I was at first backward in presenting either myself or remedy to the public, not being a patent medicine man, and with limited capital, but I am getting bravely over that. Since I first advertised this wonderful medicine, I have been crowded with orders, and the scores of letters I receive from persons cured, prove the fact that no remedy has ever done so much good and had such a success as the Root Bitters. Root Bitters are strictly a Medicinal Preparation, such as was used in the good old days of our forefathers, when people were cured by some simple root or herb, and long ages when all other poisons Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Scrofulous Eruptions, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dizziness, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Urinary diseases, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Lost Vitality, and broken down Constitutions, these Root Bitters are universally admitted to be the most wonderful discovery in the world. Their searching, healing properties penetrate every portion of the human frame, soothing the lungs and strengthening the stomach, kidneys and liver. For weakly, nervous young men, suffering from loss of memory, etc., caused from abuses in early life, and to delicate females, these Root Bitters are especially recommended. No other medicine will cure Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Boils, Tetter, Ringworm, White Swelling, Sore Eyes, Running of the Ears, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Cancerous formations, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Pustules, Blotches, and all Skin diseases, so quickly as the Root Bitters. All diseases have their origin in bad blood. The Root Bitters lay the axe at the root of the tree of disease, by searching and purifying the blood which will nourish and invigorate every organ and part of the body and keep it in repair until a ripe old age.

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Mr. Jacob Lerch, Belle Plaine, Iowa, writes: "Seeing a notice of your wonderful medicine (Root Bitters) in the Evangelical Messenger, I had our druggist in this place order a few bottles. Myself and daughter had used the bitters with the greatest satisfaction. I had been afflicted a long time with salt rheum and erysipelas. I tried most every medicine recommended without benefit, until I used your Root Bitters. I feel like a new man. Enclosed find $1.00. Send me as many bottles as you can for the money. A number of my neighbors want Bitters. Write at once and let me know how many bottles you can send me for $35.00."

Mr. Barney Cain, Niagara, Ontario, writes: "I have been taking your Root Bitters. They done me great good. They have cured my cough and I feel like another person."

Miss Lizzie Cornwall, East Cleveland, writes: "Hearing of your Root Bitters, I commenced using them for blotches and pimples on the face, weakness and loss of appetite. They have effected a cure, and I now enjoy better health than I have for ten years. My case was one of the very worst."

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Yours truly,
J. K. SPEAR, Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Boudoir
FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

Although plaids have been so fashionable this season, and indeed part of last, their reign is commencing to wax feeble, and Parisian modistes give the preference now to fine hair stripes. Satin striped challis are very popularly worn and are made in many pretty ways.

A pale corn-colored one, striped in fine hair lines of that peculiar shade of blue known as Marie Louise, was made with a bias flounce on the lower skirt, headed by two knife pleatings of the material cut straight. The front of the upper skirt was entirely covered with shirred puffs laid on diagonally. The cuirass waist had a fan-shaped puffing or shirring put on the centre of the back, and the front cut heart-shaped. The heart-shaped or "V" outline was marked by a knife pleating of Marie Louise blue silk, and the front closed with bows of the same. A similarly tinted sash made of silk, and fringed on the bottom, finished the back of the apron overskirt, while bows of ribbon were placed on the outer seam of the sleeve from shoulder to wrist.

We have seen a very stylish suit in gray faille striped with broad bands of brown—leaf-brown; these stripes themselves diagonally crossed by fine hair lines of black. This striped material was only used for flounces and overskirt. The foundation skirt was of plain gray silk, trimmed with two flounces of the striped headed by four shirrs. The back had five flounces, alternately gathered and pleated, of the striped, and two wide sash ends of the plain gray edged with a deep netted fringe. Apron overskirt, and deep cuirass basque of the striped material, edged with a shirred puff of the plain gray, and the same netted fringe which edged the sash ends.

Many pretty dresses are shown in striped batiste and plaid gingham. The suit is usually made with deep apron overskirt and French basque, this latter close-fitting but worn with a belt.

"Centennial" brown, striped with fine lines of scarlet or dark blue, is very stylish, and to our taste more appropriate for street wear and the dust of country roads than the dark blue which so readily shows every speck of soil—and is so unbecoming to dark complexions.

We noticed a very neat suit of ecru colored batiste, very fine and sheer, made with shirrings upon the underskirt and up the entire front. A deep, loose polonaise, with basque back, and trimmed around with ecru linen lace, was looped away towards the back, and held in place by a wide sash of cardinal red silk. Bows of the same color closed the front, and were placed on the outer seam of the half-flowing sleeve. A ruche of lace finished the neck.

One of gray batiste was made with a deep cuirass basque, and long shirred overskirt. The trimming consisted of ruffles, knife pleated, of white French muslin and loops of violet colored ribbon.

We have seen one of deep navy blue, trimmed with velvet in diagonal stripes on the lower skirt, which was long and deeply trained. These stripes were alternated by puffs of the silk. The overdress was a deep square apron, entirely covered with stripes of velvet ribbon, matching in tint the velvet on the lower skirt. It was edged with thread lace two and a half inches deep. The sleeveless basque was covered in the same way, only that the stripes were arranged so as to form a fan-shaped pattern in the middle of the front and back. The rest was laid on diagonally. Puffed sleeves of silk, with a bias piece on the outer seam covered with stripes of velvet ribbon. The overdress was draped at the back and tied with a wide velvet sash, above which were alternate loops of silk and velvet. Such a dress would only seem appropriate at this season for cool days, and even then "summerized," if such a word may be used, by dispensing with the silk waist and wearing instead a waist of Valenciennes, and sleeveless jacket or peasant waist of silk.

Parisian taste is, however, eccentric, and such attire is often seen at the seaside resorts in France. In fact, black and dark blue velvet underskirts, worn with Mexicaine and lace overdresses, have been very popular this season.

Hats are said to be more profusely decorated with flowers than ever. Long sprays hang at the back, while garlands adorn the front and cross the crown.

One of pale brown chip, for traveling, pleased us very much. It was of the shape known as the English walking hat and had the brim turned up very closely at the sides. Plumes of different shades of brown, and similarly shaded velvet, composed the trimming.

It is rumored that the long veils or scarfs of colored tulle, so popular some years ago, are again in vogue. A white chip hat, Derby shape, had a veil of light blue tulle twined about the crown, and made so long as to be twisted loosely about the neck.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Charming sleeveless jackets are made of fine sheer French muslin, gathered into puffs and alternated with Valenciennes insertion—real or the imitation.

Small capes of muslin or lace are much worn over the shoulders and bust for the promenade.

Garden hats, of wide soft braid, similar to a coarse Panama, are worn trimmed with Swiss muslin ruches put on in rows outside on the rim.

One of the novelties is netted silk to trim hats and bonnets; it is tied around the crown scarf fashion. These scarfs are shown in blue, brown, white and ecru.

Suits of fine sheer ecru batiste are now worn over light underskirts, instead of black, and are trimmed with bows of deep cardinal colored velvet or else dark scarlet faille ribbon.

Aprons of puffed Nainsook, trimmed with French lace and insertion, are worn over silk skirts.

An odd fancy has arisen in Paris for colored underwear, such as flesh-colored cream tinted raw silk trowsers, adorned at the ankle with a frill of lace. Blue silk corset cover, embroidered in silk of a darker shade, etc.

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MRS. M. G. (Harrisburg.)—Your little girl can wear the Leghorn flat for best, trimmed with white serge ribbon and white ostrich tips, or a long plume. Make the navy blue batiste with pleated ruffles on the lower skirt, and a half-tight fitting basque trimmed with one pleated ruffle. Your boy of eight can wear sailor suits of linen and fine gray flannel. Sailor hats for little girls are much larger than they were last year. Both brown and gray are worn even by young ladies, so you need not hesitate to get one for your daughter of twelve years of age. We do not consider your questions troublesome, and will be pleased always to answer them.

NINON.

BEAUTY IN DRESS.

Appropriateness is absolutely necessary to secure beauty in dress. Colors and forms and modes, in themselves graceful and beautiful, can become ungraceful and ridiculous simply through inappropriateness. The loveliest bonnet the most approved *modiste* can invent, if worn on the head of a coarse faced woman, bearing a market basket on her arm, excites no emotion but that of the ridiculous. The second requisite to beauty in dress is the unity of effect. As in every apartment, so in every toilet, there should be one ground tone or dominant color, which should rule all the others, and there should be a style of idea to which everything should be subjected. We may illustrate the effect of this principle in a familiar case. It is generally conceded that the majority of women look better in mourning than they do in their ordinary apparel; a comparatively plain person looks almost handsome in simple black. Now, why is this? Simply because mourning requires a severe uniformity of color and idea, forbids the display of that variety of colors and objects which go to make up the ordinary female costume, and which very few women have such skill in using as to produce really beautiful effects.

"Well, did you ever! actually throwing a kiss to me! what impudence!"

MAUD MULLER'S SMART SISTER.

BY MISS ARABELLA WHITTIER.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

"And so that's young Ned Thornley just home from college! What a handsome young blade he's grown, with his velvet hunting suit and gun thrown so jauntily over his shoulder; but, bless me! how conceited these college-bred boys are; think poor farmer's girls just made eyed Belle Muller leaned her plump hands on the curb of the old stone well and gazed wistfully after the young hunter as he dashed his horse over the meadows and reached the edge of the adjacent woods.

"Well, did you ever! actually throwing a kiss to me! what impudence!" she continued, as, with eyes flashing and an angry flush mounting to her nut-brown cheek, she lifted her bucket and let it drop down with a rapid whir of the windlass. Before drawing it up again, however, she mused a moment, and then broke out into a merry little laugh, showing the while a set of very even white teeth.

"Heigho! just to think of it! Ned and I sat on the same bench together at Humphreys' school, and I used to be writing 'Honesty is the best policy,' and 'Be virtuous if you would be happy,' while he was only in pot-hooks and ink splotches, and I always trapped him and went head in spelling, but he was the rich 'Squire Thornley's heir, while I was only honest farmer Muller's Belle, and, now he's been to college and's setting up for a lawyer.

"And then to ride up to me with such a grand air, while I was dressed in this way!" she continued, with a vexed look and a coquettish pout on her red lips; "and to flatter me to my very face and praise my eyes and hair, and sentimentally repeat over that old song about the 'Old Oaken Bucket that hung in the Well.' I declare it's too bad! but I guess," with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "I took him back when I drew myself up like a born lady, and asked him if he hadn't been 'kissing the blarney stone,' and if he didn't take me for sister Maud—poor, meek, sighing, little Maud, who's afraid to say boo to a goose, and hasn't the spirit of a mouse.

"And *ain't* I a born lady?" Belle continued, drawing herself up proudly; "of as good blood as Ned; called the prettiest girl in the valley, and at the very head of the whole school, and he to prance up to me like a lord and treat me as if I was nothing but a peasant girl; and to tell me, too, as if it were a vast honor, that he was coming to see me soon, and that he must always take me home from singing school.

"'Thank you,' says I, dropping him a mock courtesy. 'I'm engaged for the whole season, and as for visiting at the house, I don't think father would like it, and I know *I* wouldn't unless you mend your college manners, sir.' That's the way to treat these citified chaps," and Belle lifted her bucket daintily and stepped haughtily towards her home.

Belle Muller was the far-famed Maud's younger sister, and you can see by her portrait, which we give on this page, and by her incisive style of talk, that she had quite a spirit of her own. In fact, Belle was a girl of uncommon beauty and force of character, and while sister Maud—whom only the poet had the pleasure of seeing—was content with her round of humble duties, and never looked beyond "her feet so bare and her tattered gown," or only looked to sigh and lament, Belle's head was as full of all manners of longings and aspirations as an "egg's full of meat." No brighter, quicker or more stylish-looking girl in that region, pushing along in her studies, ever anxious to improve, and secretly preparing to go to an Eastern college for an education.

Young Thornley soon found he had made a most egregious mistake. He had just come home from college, when he knew her in the meadow as his old schoolmate, little Belle Muller, farmer Muller's youngest daughter, and overwhelmed her with his airs and graces. He never dreamed how rapidly girls grow to be women, and how they leap forward where boys only crawl.

He knew it bravely the next Sunday at the village church. He was standing chatting with some companions, ogling the country girls as they arrived, when he saw old Muller's high-springed dearborn with the dun-colored horses, rumble up. He was amazed at the graceful, well-dressed and self poised young lady, who, in company with her demure sister Maud, advanced towards the church.

He rapidly came forward with an awkward, embarrassed air, but was entirely unprepared for the cool and self-possessed manner he was received, and allowed to walk almost unnoticed by Maud's side.

During service, his eyes often rested on the good old man sat with a huge, illustrated silk bandana over his bald head, and a big psalm book spread out on his tow-linen pants. Mother Muller sat next, with green spectacles over her eyes, and a stutter in her voice. Maud next, quiet, pensive and somewhat sleepy, dreaming probably of the portly Judge, whom a day or two before she had seen ride

—"Slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;"

whom she had, in her shy, timid, little way, helped to a draught of cool water, and whose sighs and honied compliments the foolish girl had taken all for gospel; sly old rogue that he was! and Belle came last, with eyes apparently fixed on her book or on the preacher, quietly ignoring the looks of the village beaus, and especially the ardent, admiring glances of Thornley, that hunted her out and importuned her for a return glance.

Great Heavens! supposing the Judge had seen Belle instead of Maud. Belle was at home making up the baking that sultry day, and had the foolish Judge called at the house, instead of ogling and sighing at the raker with

—"Her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown."

Would he not have been head and ears in love with Belle? It was while spreading bread and butter that Werther fell in love with his Charlotte and *hinc illa lachrymæ*.

Think you the Judge would then have kept foolishly "smoothing his horse's mane," and philandering in a silly maudling way to poor Maud

—"Of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees."

Not a bit of it! He would have "interviewed" old father Muller; would never have cared for his own "sisters proud and cold," or his "mother vain of her rank and gold," and instead of stupidly "humming in court an old love tune," he would have been besieging Belle, and won her by fair means or foul. If he could not have gained Mr. Timothy Muller's consent, he would, like young Lochinvar, have snatched Belle up to the crupper of his horse, and stole a wife worth the having, for Belle was to Maud as a star to a glow-worm. We speak very confidently of this, for we've seen them both.

Young Thornley saw it plainly, too. After "meeting" he rushed forward to escort Belle to the old dearborn, but, consternation! a rival law student, with the vulgar name of Joshua Boggs, was before him. He called shortly after with his father at Farmer Muller's probably to talk over

—"the haying, and to wonder whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather."

Belle was cool and wary; she was gracious but reserved, and actually patronized the rich young Edward Thornley, turning him over to Maud; who, shy and mopish as usual, was paring apples and playing dominoes with that very "man, unlearned and poor," Jonathan Fields by name, who after was the father of the "many children that played round her door," and quite good enough for his wife, too.

In a word, the more Thornley saw of Belle, the less he thought of himself, and when he observed, as he could scarce help doing, that she had ambitious aims far above and beyond him, he took to his studies "like a whitehead." Belle soon went off to complete her studies, taking a whole course at Vassar, and came back a finished young lady, skilled in dumbbells and the use of the globes; rowing and French; pistol shooting and geometry; flirting and logarithms.

Readers, you should have seen Thornley when Belle came home in vacation. Try hard as he could, and he sat up very late o' nights, he couldn't keep up with her. Oh, but she led him a dance! He was by this time a flourishing lawyer, just always "lying around" for cases, and we can answer you she kept him at his full speed, but she never, no never, consented to be Mrs. Thornley till gold spectacles renewed his impaired eyesight, and till Judge Edward Thornley was engraved on his brass knocker.

And so, when Belle wanted a Judge, she made one, while Maud lost the very one whom God threw in her way, but whom she had not the wit or the spirit to catch or win. With the former, what "might have been" was made to be, but

[illegible] and she lived to eighty-four and six months, and was like "the old woman who lived in a shoe" as to bairns—whining out that most lachrymose and cowardly of all refrains:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Watering Place Items.

THE President has not shaved off his whiskers, exciting rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

CONGRESS HALL landing, in front of the Island, Cape May, is a success. Several large porpoises have butted against its timbers with no effect.

BLUE-FISHING this season is unusually fine. Seventy-three specimens were caught last week in two hours, with two rods, off Conklin's Island.

JAMES P. COATES, of "Coates' thread" fame, has hired the Maitland Villa, on "The Point," Newport, paying $6,000 for the season. Mr. Coates now occupies the estate.

SCHROON LAKE holds its popularity well. Its guests early in the season were numerous. It is not surprising, for it is the most accessible, healthy, and delightful spot in the Adirondacks.

HEAVY wraps are comfortable for the White Mountain travelers, and the ladies who take the outside seats on the stages generally want to become "inside passengers" before they reach the houses.

"WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS is the great annual rendezvous of Virginia politicians," says an exchange. From which we may infer that no platform in the Old Commonwealth is complete unless it's built of the Summer board, to be had in that region.

THERE is a pretty blue-eyed girl officiating as clerk in one of the Rhode Island watering-place post-offices, and the girls object to it—she can tell a love-letter the moment she sees it, and some of the fair ones from New York don't fancy the scrutiny of their *billet-doux*.

BUFFALO BILL sauntered through the corridors of the West End, Long Branch, the other day, his long hair, handsome face, and tall, straight form sending palpitation into the hearts of the women. Their guess was that he was an aristocratic Southerner, and all palpitation ceased instantly when they learned their mistake.

A PLEASANT after dinner promenade is the path on the high bluff at Long Branch. Above the ocean, by this pleasant road, with grass on each side of you, and the restless wild waves at your feet, you can walk for miles. Nothing as a promenade could be more delightful, and few in the world present such marked attractions.

CRESSON SPRINGS, Pa., is a most delightful summer resort, located on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, twenty-three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The water and air at this point possess superior attractions. Trout streams and the finest mountain scenery are in the immediate vicinity, together with magnificent drives.

AMONG the many places of pleasant resort, during the summer months, is the beautiful and enterprising village of Greenwich, Washington Co., New York State. The scenery, in the locality, is delightful; the people intelligent and refined, and "drives" in and about the town in good order and romantic. We cheerfully commend the good village of Greenwich to our readers and to the public.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

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If any subscriber fails to receive the POST within ten days after sending his subscription, we will take it as a particular favor if he will advise us promptly of the fact, stating the day he sent the money, and in what form, whether cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Woman's Influence. Adventure Among the Indians. A True Ghost Story. Inez. My First Beau. A Ride for Life. June. Silks and Satins.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

THOMAS SWEENEY AND MARY A. LITTLE.—We have received communications from each of these persons, addressed to the Fashion Editress of this paper, enclosing money for articles which they wished sent to them; but in neither case have the writers given us either the town, county, or State. If they will at once write to us giving their address, their wishes will be complied with.

G. ONDER.—The public debt of the United States was on July 1, 1866, $2,650,536,330.10, and on June 1, 1875, it was $2,130,119,975 88, showing a reduction within that period of $520,416,354.22.

T. M. B.—There is no doubt that raw beef as a diet has proved of very great benefit to persons of delicate constitutions. The beef should be finely chopped, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing the dish containing it in boiling water.

DAISY.—The proper quotation is as follows:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell—
The reason why I cannot tell:
But this, at least, I know full well—
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

It is a free translation from one of Martial's epigrams.

AQUARIUM.—The best cement for your aquarium is made as follows: Equal parts, by weight, of flowers of sulphur, pulverized sal ammoniac, iron filings, and good linseed oil varnish; mix these together, then add enough pure white lead to form a firm, easily-worked mass, and the cement is ready for use.

OCEAN GROVE.—The simplest and best cosmetic for the complexion is this: Mix glycerine with water, together with a small quantity of alcohol; add cologne, or other perfume. If you choose you can substitute fresh lemon juice—only a few drops—for the alcohol, and afterwards apply toilet powder. Some ladies use nothing else.

E. P. H. (Lancaster).—It is a dangerous thing to enter into any "matrimonial engagement" before you are "living on your own hook," to use your own expressive phrase. We advise you not to enter into any such engagement, but rather wait and see what is in store for you. They who try to force destiny generally make a sad mess of it.

W. S.—The French metre is one yard, three and a third inches; the Kilometre, nearly six [illegible] one and three-quarters pints; the kilolitre rather more than two hundred gallons. The French gramme is fifteen and a half grains (twenty-nine and a half grains to one drachm); the kilogramme about two pounds three and a half ounces.

J. D. SMILEY (Glenwood).—"Suppose you place a cannon on the rear platform of a train going at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and while the train is in motion discharge the cannon, which is aimed parallel with the track, and in a direction precisely opposite to the motion of the train, would the ball drop down behind the car, or where would it fall?" The ball would fall in a vertical line to the track. The two equal opposite motions would exactly destroy each other.

W. E. B. (Milford).—The qualifications of a good proof reader are not to be acquired in a few weeks, or even months, as you seem to suppose. In the first place, he ought to be a thoroughly educated printer; he should have a good education, should know the modern languages, and something of Latin, and be well posted in medical and scientific nomenclature. Indeed, a good proof reader in a book office ought to know, and is expected to know everything!

KATE KEARNEY.—It is a mistake for a young lady to strive to captivate the hearts of young gentlemen. The girl who puts herself forward to win the applause or admiration of men almost always fails in her object. Although men may like to be wooed, they never respect the women who woo them. A young lady should be as attractive and winning as possible on general principles, but should never make special attacks on the hearts or fancies of men for matrimonial purposes.

INDEPENDENT.—No man is capable of going absolutely alone in the affairs of this world. Our whole life is but a series of interchanging offices. But we do for others not half as much as others do for us. What you can do, depends upon what others have done. That which a man does in his time, hundreds of others before have been preparing for the doing; and yet he thinks that it is he alone that is doing it. What men are doing all round about you will determine what you shall be able to do.

S. T.—A dutiful daughter is more apt to make a good wife than an undutiful one. The fact that your sweetheart is so scrupulously obedient to her mother should not lessen your regard for her; it should rather increase it, even though her dutifulness sometimes clashes with your desires, and occasions you annoyance. The fact that she always obeys her mother, whenever her commands and your requests come in opposition, is no sign that she does not love you; it simply shows that she is a most conscientious and dutiful daughter; and such a girl is a rare prize for any man.

BONANZA.—Stilton cheese, so named after the town in England where it was originally made, is at once the richest and finest variety of cheese manufactured in England. It is prepared from raw milk, to which cream taken from other milk is added. Its shape is peculiar, being generally twice as high as it is broad. It is generally twice the price of Cheshire or double Gloucester. Like wine, this cheese is vastly improved by age, and it is therefore seldom eaten before it is two years old. A spurious appearance of age is sometimes given to it by placing it in a warm, damp cellar, or by surrounding it with masses of fermenting straw.

SISTER ANNIE.—It is an erroneous idea that in Leap-year ladies may propose to gentlemen instead of waiting for the overture to come from the lips of the latter. In no case is it modest, delicate or becoming for a young lady to make the slightest demonstration of a tender character towards a gentleman, or to do anything that might be construed into an overture. It is the lady's part to wait until the gentleman proposes; but if his attentions, being very pointed and marked, are prolonged beyond the reasonable period for an avowal, it is then the part of the young lady's parents or nearest relatives to question him with regard to his intentions.

G. L. S.—Each hair is formed of ten or twelve smaller hairs, which unite at the root, and form a hollow tube, somewhat like a very fine stalk of grass, jointed at intervals. The joints appear to overlap each other, as if one small tube were inserted into that which is nearest to it, and so on to the end of the hair. This structure, though invisible to the naked eye, may be made manifest to the touch. Take a hair several inches long, and work it between your thumb and finger, and you will find that it will always work towards the top and end never (turn it as you will) towards the root end—proving that the rough over-lappings are all directed to the top.

WM. SAUNDERS (Potomac).—"Please tell me who first invented Postal cards?" The invention of these convenient cards is attributed to Professor Emanuel Herman, of Vienna. They were used in England, Germany, and Switzerland in 1870; in Belgium and Denmark in 1871; and in Norway, Russia, and the United States in 1872-73. In some foreign countries a card is attached on which an answer may be returned. It is said that tons of postal cards are destroyed in the Dead-letter office, because people write their message first, and then forget to address the card. To guard against this omission, it is well to make a rule of addressing the card before writing the message.

A. L.—Your wife had cause for anger. Never again, on any account, chide or rebuke her in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or, indeed, on any other subject. There are, we are persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits, (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy) that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private, than a rebuke in company, calculated to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in that of others.

A YOUNG ARTIST.—"Please give me some simple way of fixing or preserving pencil drawings, and you will be conferring a great favor on a beginner." Dissolve four grains of camphor in two ounces of the best alcohol, and coat the back of the drawing, if it is made on ordinary drawing paper; the paper will absorb enough of the liquid to hold the lead-pencil. If the drawing is on Bristol board, put the solution in a shallow dish and slip the drawing through, having every part of it touched by the liquid. Then stick a pin through one corner and hang it up to dry. The drawing may be immersed in warm skim-milk with good effect, but the camphor solution is better.

HATTIE W. (Doylestown).—The following are two good receipts for making lemonade on a large scale: 1. Boil twelve pounds and a half of sugar in ten gallons of water for twenty minutes, and clear with white of eggs. Bruise ten ounces of ginger, and boil with the liquor. Add the juice of ten lemons and the peel of same. When cold, put into a cask with two tablespoonfuls of yeast and half an ounce of isinglass. Next day bung up. It will be ready in a fortnight. 2. Pare six lemons and two Seville and one Tangerine oranges very thin. Pound them into a mass in a mortar with two pounds of sugar. Add two quarts of boiling water, the juice of eighteen lemons and eight sweet and two Seville oranges. Stir the whole well, strain clear, and add orange flower water. A little lemon brandy is an improvement.

ST. GEORGE.—According to a statement made in the House of Commons on Monday, April 27, 1874, by Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the total amount of England's national debt on that date was £779,294,000. This makes $3,896,470,000. Of this £773,514,000 is funded; £4,479,000 is unfunded, and $22,000,000 is in the form of terminable annuities. The interest of this debt amounts to £28,604,852 per annum—a payment the comparative smallness of which is caused by the fact that the rate of interest is as low as three per cent. per annum. Taking into our reckoning all the sums raised for public and local purposes, the taxation of Great Britain is £102,000,000 per annum, or about $15 per head of the population. Our debt in June, 1864, was $2,145,208,438.00, considerably less than that of England about the same time, therefore you are mistaken in thinking that the debts of the two countries are about the same.

HUMANY.—The popular tradition which tells how the name "Forget-me-Not" came to be applied to the plant which now bears it, is not generally known. It is said that a knight and a lady were walking by the side of the Danube, interchanging vows of devotion and affection, when the latter saw on the other side of the stream the bright blue flowers of the myosotis, and expressed a desire for them. The knight, eager to gratify her, plunged into the river, and, reaching the opposite bank, gathered a bunch of flowers. On his returning, however, the current proved too strong for him, and, after many efforts to reach the land, he was borne away. With a last effort he flung the fatal blossom upon the bank, exclaiming as he did so, "Forget-me-not."

And the fair lady of the knight so true,
Still remembered his hapless lot.
And she cherished the flowers of brilliant hue,
And she braided her hair with the blossom blue,
And she called it "Forget-me-not."

C. R. H.—"Please advise me in the following circumstances: I am engaged to be married to a young lady, but I have discovered that I do not and cannot love her as a husband should love his wife; how can I recede from and cancel the engagement in the most honorable and proper manner, or, in other words, what is my duty as an honorable man in such a case?" Your duty is to inform the young lady in the most delicate and tender manner, and leave her and her friends to put an end to the engagement, and to make the fact of its being broken off known to the public, in their own way, and according to their own preferences. In such cases the man should always take the brunt of it and suffer all the odium which may attach to it, because it injures a young lady more to be rejected by her betrothed than it injures a man to be jilted, and for this reason the gentleman should allow the young lady and her friends to manage the dissolution of the engagement in [illegible] way.

ARTILLERY MAN.—It is a mooted question whether the English, under Edward III, employed cannon, for the first time in European warfare, at the battle of Crecy, fought August 26, 1346. Froissart, the chronicler, makes no mention of such an important innovation in the art of war, as it was known in the earlier half of the fourteenth century, in his published account of the battle. The late Emperor of France, in his work on artillery, however, quotes from a MS. left by Froissart, and which is preserved at Amiens, a passage that, if genuine, settles the question beyond dispute. Villani (a contemporary of the French chronicler), an Italian author, also intimates that artillery was used by the English. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the assertions of the French and Italian, no old English historian, in describing this great encounter of arms, in which the Black Prince won his spurs, mentions the employment of cannon by their countrymen.

AN ADMIRER OF THE POST.—"I have often wondered what could have been the origin of the old nursery rhyme, 'If ifs and ans were pots and pans,' that has jingled in my ears all through life, and what has often been cast in my teeth when I have been indulging in expressions of what I would do 'if' I ever became rich. As you seem to have a very happy knack of solving all our difficulties, I come to you for an answer." It was in former days the custom to say "an you like it," instead of "if you like it," and this is the origin of the "ifs" and "ans." The "pots and pans" referred to were the potters and panners, who once formed a numerous class in the old Preston Guild, an old English corporation; and on one occasion, when it was going to decay, and the members had dwindled down to a few, the above conjunctions, "ifs and ans," were used very frequently by a member of the Guild committee, in a speech relating to the prospect of the Guild. He was replied to in a very matter of fact manner by another member, who said "If ifs and ans were pots and pans, we should be a most numerous body."

BROTHER JONATHAN.—"We should like you very much to tell us what was the real origin of the term 'Brother Jonathan,' as applied to this country." It originated in a playful remark of General Washington, on the following occasion: When Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defense, and one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, and the General, placing the greatest reliance on His Excellency's judgment, remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase: "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

SCHILLER.—"Can you tell me something about embalming the dead, how it is done, and by whom the practice was invented?" Embalming is the art of preserving the body after death from decay, by means of aromatics, antiseptics, or desiccation. The embalming of the dead was practiced by the ancient Egyptians from the earliest times, and was associated with their religious belief; for they held that the soul, after completing its cycle of separate existence of several thousand years, again returned to the body, and if found decayed or wasted, it transmigrated. The body being prepared, was put in a wooden coffin, and placed in an upright position either in a sepulchre or in one of their own apartments; for many of them kept their dead at home, esteeming it a great comfort to have the bodies of their relatives beside them, and sometimes they were produced at festive entertainments. The most expensive mode of embalming was adopted only by the wealthiest classes, costing a talent of silver (about $1200). A cheap mode, costing only twenty mine (about $400), was effected without any incision, by injecting the viscera with oil of cedar, and then steeping the body in natron for seventy days; after which the viscera came away, and nothing remained but the skin and bones.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A. F. M.—Treat the present quarrel as a summer cloud, which will soon pass away. HARRY L.—Meet the charge openly and boldly if you feel yourself right. This is one of those cases in which a friend can be of more use than a man himself. G. T. (Brush Prairie).—You have done all that the circumstances require, and all that is necessary and proper for you to do upon such an occasion. T. J. P.—The 28th June, 1862, fell on a Sunday. X. Handwriting good, and suitable to the position to which you aspire. H. A. B.—All the characters you mention are purely imaginary, and evolved out of the brains of the author of the story. ETULIE.—We do not know the origin of the saying "I wish you were in Halifax." J. K.—The fare from New York to Valparaiso, Chili, by steamer, via Panama, ranges from $120 to $250, according to location of cabin.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*